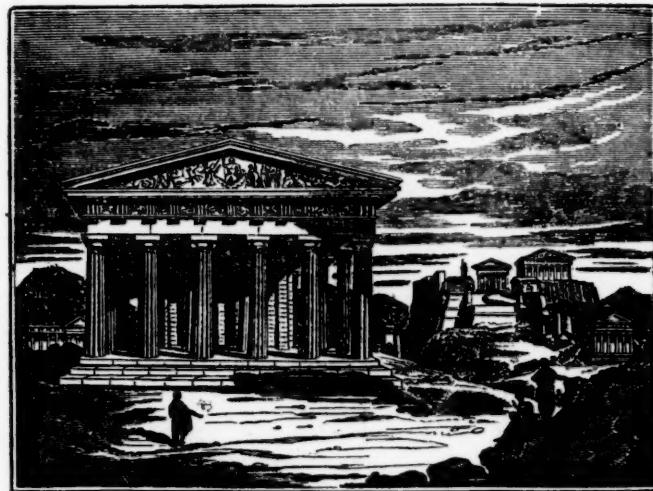


THE
ATHENÆUM
AND LITERARY CHRONICLE.

FROM

JULY TO DECEMBER,

1829.



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THE ATHENÆUM

AND
LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 88.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1829.

Price 8d.

AN HOUR AT A PUBLISHER'S.

MR. COLOPHON, as the public are aware, is one of the most eminent of London booksellers. He is overwhelmed with business; and gaining £10,000 a-year, he cannot afford to keep half an hour a day to himself. I was desired to call on him by my uncle, the vicar, who wished to publish a tract against popery, and as he knew that the Dukes of Cumberland and Richmond were of his opinion, thought that it might be proper to employ a fashionable bookseller. I sallied, therefore, from Lincoln's-Inn, with a part of the MS. (which I confess I had not read,) in my pocket; and made my way to the residence of Mr. Colophon. I was desired by the gentleman in the shop to wait in a small room towards the rear of the premises, where I had not remained above three-quarters of an hour before the great publisher appeared. I was rejoicing at the hope of seeing my business ended; when the door was opened, and the gentleman from the shop entered, and said, Lady Amelia Aubrey was getting out of her carriage at the door. 'Good heavens!' exclaimed the publisher, 'the Baroness Bellevue is up stairs, correcting the proof-sheets of her new work; she cannot take them home, for fear her husband should discover her. Mr.—a—a, I beg your pardon. Good heavens! Lady Amelia is at the door, and you cannot go without meeting her. She would die at being seen by any of my back-parlour quizzes, as she calls them. My dear sir, I must entreat you to let me hide you in this book-case.'

So saying, Mr. Colophon opened the green silk door of the book-case, (which did not contain shelves, much less books,) and while I stepped into my cell, he assured me, that the moment he could find an opportunity to speak to me, he would let me out. He had scarcely time to turn the key before Lady Amelia entered.

'Well, Mr. Colophon,' she said, 'I hope you have made up your mind to give me the other two hundred for the MS.'

'Really,' answered the publisher, 'your ladyship must consider how many works I have had lately of the same kind.'

'Yes, sir,' she replied, 'but you must consider how few of the novels of fashionable life have been written by any one but cast-off secretaries, chaplains, apothecaries, ladies' maids, lawyers, and so forth.'

'I am sorry,' lisped the bibliopolist, 'to be obliged to remind your ladyship that this kind of article, as one of the gentlemen employed in my periodical observes, is like the goods used in traffic with savages. Excellence of workmanship is scarcely any object. The panegyrics in the newspapers, (which some people are so malignant as to pretend that I pay for,) and the taste of the readers of circulating libraries, level all differences of merit.'

'Then, Mr. Colophon,' said the lady, 'I am quite convinced that the name of any person of fashion connected with the authorship of a book very much helps the sale. The lady mayoress, and I suppose she is a fair sample of the whole herd of vulgarians, said, the other day, to the Baroness Bellevue, about her first work, that she had read it, and admired it vastly, on account of its having been written by a peeress. "For," added the absurd woman, "I read and admire every thing that is written by persons of rank and fashion. I detest plebeian literature." You can put that in one of your puffs, can you not? It will mystify the city people.'

'O! undoubtedly,' ejaculated Mr. Colophon, 'your ladyship's name will be of great service. As soon as the work is published, I will persuade my friend of the *Morning Chronicle* to attack the ladies of the aristocracy, for being so profligate as to write novels instead of codes of criminal law, and will make him add, in a note, as a piece of secret intelligence, that your ladyship is a flagrant delinquent.'

'O! you may say any thing you please about us in the *Chronicle*. If it were to attribute the book to Sontag or the Duchess of St. Albans, the report would not be contradicted, for nobody would ever see it. But to business, Mr. Colophon; I really must beg that you will add £200 to the £1000 we agreed on. I want the money; and I have spent almost as much in scent to keep me from fainting with the fatigue of authorship, and rose water to wash the ink from my fingers.'

'Your ladyship,' he replied, 'distresses me unutterably. But we really have had so many of these works and by persons of real fashion to,'

'Can you pretend, sir,' exclaimed the lady, with a burst of the loftiest indignation, 'that any one, in a good set, has told so many secrets of her friends as I have in the novel which you want to buy so cheaply.'

'There I allow,' said the publisher, 'from what my literary friends inform me, that the work has extraordinary merit. Perhaps,' he continued, 'the matter might be arranged. There is a chapter, which I am told is rather long and heavy, giving an account of a debate in the *House of Commons*. Now, if your ladyship would substitute for that the secret history of this elopement, with which the papers are now filled, I can say that the £200 should be £300.'

'Certainly,' she answered musing, 'that chapter is tedious; I own I intended it to be so, and therefore I took all the arguments on both sides of the question out of the MS. of a speech which Mr. Aubrey intended to deliver last session. I designed this part of the book to be rather sleepy, that the account of the intrigue between the hero and his cousin might have the more effect. That description is a little warm, and as I wished it to produce its full impression, I made the preceding pages a contrast to it. As you say, I might insert the true state of the game which the public, in their ignorance, have been betting on so absurdly. I was the lady's only confidante; and I need colour but a very little to make it a very interesting chapter. But how will it come into my story? Let me see; yes, I have it. I will make my hero elope with the one woman as a blind for his views on the other. Then he shall leave her at Calais, and return to London to complete his triumph with the heroine. An excellent thought of yours, Mr. Colophon; but could you not say £350 in addition to the £1000. You know I may be abused for divulging the confidence of my foolish friend, who has spoiled her game so completely by this stupidity. You shake your head; well, I suppose I must agree to your terms; and at all events, I have not time to stay any longer, for I have promised to take a stall at a charitable bazaar.'

Lady Amelia Aubrey had not been gone an instant before the gentleman from the shop entered the room, and announced in a low diplomatic tone that Mr. William Winchester Wandrille had called, and desired to see Mr. Colophon; and thereupon Mr. William Winchester Wandrille made his appearance. I could perceive through a slit in the

silk curtain that this gentleman was a person of great importance. He was very carefully dressed, and he carried himself with an air which seemed to assert his superiority over common authors, and all such vulgar people. He threw himself into a chair, and indicated to Mr. Colophon, by a motion of the hand, that he might be seated.

'I perceive,' said the man of fashion, 'that you have examined the volume of amatory poems I sent you; pray what price may I expect for the copyright. There are not many of them; I shall be satisfied with £500 for the first edition.' The bookseller's jaw fell, and his eyes grew round and staring. '£500! Eh, Mr. Wandrille? £500 did you say for the first edition? Upon my word, Mr. Wandrille—I beg your pardon, sir—but upon my word I had rather intended —' 'What, sir,' interrupted Mr. Wandrille, 'you had intended to offer me less for poems that have been admired by half the finest women in London. I beg I may hear no more on the subject. I shall expect to receive the draft for the £500 before six this evening.' And so saying, Mr. Wandrille was about to depart, when Mr. Colophon, with a look and accent of despair threw himself in his way and exclaimed, 'Only listen to me, sir, I entreat you, for one minute. Poetry really finds no sale at present; no sale whatsoever; and as to love poems, most especially, I could not promise myself to dispose of a hundred copies. Then, then, sir, you must consider that in this case I should have to employ a person to correct the casual slips of the pen and errors of grammar, of which there are a good many in the manuscript; and to substitute other lines for those which have crept in from Moore and Byron. All this would cost money; so that on the whole I fear I must decline the undertaking.'

Mr. Wandrille for a moment appeared to be discomposed; and muttered something about having promised Lady Cecilia that he would publish his poems, and having given the long odds at his club that he would be in print before the day of the Derby.

Mr. Colophon again spoke, and said that he had something to suggest which might perhaps meet Mr. Wandrille's views. He offered to print the poems at Mr. Wandrille's expense, and added that a small edition would not cost above £150.

The author considered for a few moments and said, 'Do it for £100 and I agree. But see that you do not let it be known the book has cost me any thing, or I shall be quizzed to death.' Mr. Wandrille then departed, and endeavoured, as he left the room, to assume something of that bold supremacy of look which he had displayed at his entry.

Mr. Colophon accompanied his distinguished visitor to the outer door, and I hoped that I should be immediately released from my prison; but I could not account for the strange jostling and the unintelligible clamour which accompanied the return of the bookseller. These noises were soon explained by the appearance of the unfortunate Colophon between an Irishman and a Scotchman, who had been waiting to pounce on him. They both spoke together, and for some time I could not distinguish any thing they said. At last the publisher exclaimed aloud, 'Gentlemen, if both of you speak at once, it must be impossible for me to listen to either.' This added new fuel to the blaze of their eloquence, and each roared louder than before, in hopes of being first attended to. The Scotchman, however, who

was the elder of the two, soon gave up the contest, and the Irishman began to state his business, prefacing it with an assertion that the other was very ungentlemanly for interrupting him, to which the Scotchman replied by muttering that it would be unworthy of a philosopher to mind hard words.

The Irishman was a youth upwards of six feet high, with a broad indistinctness of feature, which was scarcely marked by any characteristics but an enormous mouth and squinting eyes. 'My name is O'Rourke, and I have come from Ireland,' said the stripling, 'with a tragedy in my pocket; and I have been living here for three months, in hopes of having my play acted. But the managers of the theatres are very ungentlemenly; and so at last I have brought my work to you Mr. Colophon, (therewith he produced from his pocket a club-like roll of paper), "to request that you will publish it, and give me 200*l.* for it. It is very little to ask (for I am told that there have been above fifty editions of Shakespeare), but I want the money immediately, for I found the living in London and frequenting the theatres very expensive, and I owe about 150*l.* Therefore, if you will just settle my business and let me go, I will leave you and this gentleman to arrange your affairs together. I have no objection to take the money either in notes or sovereigns, just as may be most convenient: I am not particular.'

'Really, sir,' said the bookseller, 'this is a most extraordinary application. My time is of importance; and, therefore, I may as well state to you at once, that I would not publish your tragedy if you were to give it to me for nothing.'

'Mr. Colophon,' answered the youth, 'do not insult my janius. I know that it has always been the custom for you pettifoggers to insult great men. But, sir, though Shakespeare, and Milton, and Otway may have been thrashed in this ungentlemanly way by their publishers, I tell you that my name is Theophilus O'Rourke, and I will not. You had better give me the 200*l.* or I will shake your dirty soul out of your ugly carkish.'

'Mr. Simpson, Mr. Drake, Mr. Peebles!' exclaimed Colophon, to the gentlemen in the shop, and they immediately entered the room. The bookseller desired one of them to go for a constable, and the other two to hold Mr. O'Rourke.

'Is it for a constable you'd be sending?' cried the Irishman, 'and is that the way you thrash a gentleman for letting you publish this tragedy? now, by the L—d, I tell you I would not give you a farthing to publish it—I would not let your unclean pathronymic go down to posterity on the title page of "Aspasia," (for that's the name of the tragedy I won't let you have the printing of), not if it did not cost me more than a sixpence.' And so saying, Mr. Theophilus O'Rourke, who seemed to have had great difficulty in keeping his hands from the person of Colophon, broke from the house.

The attendants left the room, and the Scotchman and the publisher stood face to face. The former was a stout red-haired man, apparently under thirty; and he now said, very deliberately, 'Mr. Colophon, my name is Nianin Saunders; and I have been all my life a student. As you vary judiciously observed to that callant, wha, in my private opinion, is either wud or waur, a tragedy is an ower trifling and insignifican wark to have much success in sae intellectual an age as ours. Na, na, sir, this is an age of pheelosophy, and I think ye wunna be displeased to hear that I haed brought you a part o' a treatise of intellectual pheelosophy; whilk has naething whatever to do with the outward world, nor with any thing that is commonly talkit of, or understood, or felt by mankind in general. It is a leetle in the style of our Davy Hume, only with mair contempt for the prejudices o' society; and mair parfic in the neecessities o' English composition. And as to the terms, I am not extravagant in my desires. Only as there is a muckle difference between warks o' a temporary and warks o' a permanent entarest, and as this one o' mine is more abstract, and therefore less likely to be affected by circumstances than

ony other existent, I do not ask more than feev² thousand pounds for the four volumes, whilk I have nae doubt you will see to be a very moderate request.'

'I am sorry,' replied Mr. Colophon, 'that philosophical works are not in my line; and that I must, therefore, decline to enter into any negociation on the subject.'

'O! very weel,' replied the Scotchman, 'if your business is with more freevolous productions, you are doubtless very right not to attempt a more lofty and ambeitious walk. I like humility in every mon. But I confess I did na think to have found any one in our age of intellue wha wad clean throw awa, as it were, his ain gude fortune. I wish you a very gude morning.'

I was now set free from my confinement, and as my uncle, the vicar, was willing to pay the expense of printing his pamphlet, I settled my business with Mr. Colophon at less cost of trouble and wrangling than his other visitors.

TRAVELS IN TURKEY.

Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, in 1824, 1825, 1826, and 1827. By R. R. Madden, Esq. M. R. C. S. 8vo. in two vols. London, Colburn, 1829.

THE medical profession has contributed to our acquaintance with outlandish climes and customs, in an equal or superior proportion to any other order of travellers. The same necessities which call them to participate the secrets of domestic life at home, are equally in all lands a passport which secures them initiation into the closest social mysteries: the same qualities which are naturally acquired by their professional habits of intercourse with all ranks, adapt them to the task of seizing rightly the resemblances and differences of character and manners; and the same talents, which had been requisite in aiming at professional success, conduce to quick and accurate conception and delineation, when turned on extra-professional objects. An additional recommendation to the favour of his readers is the lively form of epistles addressed to well-known names in England, into which our author has moulded (not without, we suspect, a little harmless artifice in some cases), the results of his extended and instructive peregrinations. Nor are there wanting personal merits in himself to fulfil the favouring auspices afforded by his membership of the Royal College of Surgeons, and his attractive correspondence with Lord Blessington. These, as Dogberry might have said, are but 'the gifts of fortune': but to read and write comes doubtless to our author 'by nature.' Both of which accomplishments he displays to excellent purpose: his remarks on his precursors show the same acute perception as his original observations on the objects around him: and the substance of his work is rendered palatable 'to the general' through the medium of an uncommonly smart and neatly-finished style, contrasting strongly with the slovenliness and slipp-slop which too commonly disgrace the gorgeous quartos of even our superior class of travellers. It might be harsh and premature in the first paragraph of our criticism to inquire whether aught of sharp expression or bright colouring have been purchased by the sacrifice of merits more intrinsic; whether our author may not now and then indulge his caustic mood until it brings him to the verge of contradiction or injustice; whether sometimes, in the course of his speculations, philosophy may not be sacrificed to point; and whether, occasionally, he may not, for the sake of effect, be content to swerve slightly from the functions which a traveller is considered to impose on himself when he sits down to record the unvarnished tale of his own observations and adventures.

The following sketch of Turkish beauty and fashion will show that our author has by no means thrown away his opportunities of access to the harems of Constantinople; and that those opportunities could hardly have been accorded to a more acute, intelligent spectator:—

'A Turkish lady of fashion is wooed by an invisible lover: in the progress of the courtship a hyacinth is occasionally dropped in her path, by an unknown hand, and the female attendant at the bath does the office of a Mercury, and talks of a certain Effendi demanding a lady's love, as a nightingale aspiring to the affections of a rose!'

'A clove, wrapped up in an embroidered handkerchief, is the least token of condescension the nightingale can expect; but a written billet-doux is an implement of love which the gentle rose is unable to manufacture. The father of the lady at length is solicited for her hand, and he orders her to give it, and to love, honour, and obey her husband: in short, they are married by proxy, before the *Cadi*, and the light of her lord's countenance first beams on her in the nuptial chamber. This change in her condition is one which every spinster envies: if she be the only wife, she reigns in the harem over a host of slaves; if there be two or three more, she shares with them the delights of domestic sway. Every week, at least, she is blessed with a periodical return of her husband's love; he enters the harem at noonday, and at sunset, after the fatigue of sauntering from one *bazaar* to another, and from the public divan to the private chambers,—he performs his evening ablutions,—one obsequious lady fetches a vial of rose-water to perfume his beard, another bears a looking-glass, with a mother of pearl handle, another carries an embroidered napkin; and supper is brought in by a host of slaves and servants; for in most harems the ordinary attendants have access to the women's apartments. The women stand before him while he eats, and when he finishes, a number of additional dishes are brought in for the ladies, whose breeding consists in eating with the finger and thumb only, and in not devoting indecorously the sweetmeats, of which they are exceedingly fond.'

'When supper is removed, and the servants disappear, there are few harems where small bottles of rosolio are not produced; and of this liqueur, I have seen the ladies take so many as three or four little glasses in the course of ten minutes. One of the female slaves generally presents the pipe on one knee; and sometimes one of the wives brings the coffee, and kisses the hand of her lord at the same time; this ceremony every wife goes through in the morning, none daring to sit down in his presence but such as have the honour of being mothers: but, in the evening, there is very little etiquette, and very little truth in the assertion of Pauqueville, that "the Turks retire to their harems without relaxing the least particle of their gravity." The reverse of this statement is near the truth; the orgies of the evening, in most harems, are conducted with all the levity of licentiousness, and the gravity of the Moslems totally disappears: their roars of laughter are to be heard in the adjoining houses; and, in my opinion, the gravity of the Turk during the day is only the exhaustion of his spirits from previous excitement. I have seen him reclining on the divans, smoking his long *chibouque*, one of his wives, and generally the favourite, shampooing his feet with her soft fingers, and performing this operation for hours together.'

'This is accounted one of the greatest luxuries of the harem; and an opium-eater assured me, the most delightful of his reveries was imagining himself shampooed by the dark-eyed *houris* of Paradise.'

'The women vie with each other in eliciting the smiles of their common lord; one shows the rich silk she has been embroidering for his vest, another plays an instrument resembling a spinet, and another displays her elegant form in the voluptuous mazes of the dance. No handkerchief is thrown, but a smile is sufficient to "speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul;" and from that moment to the period when another favourite supplants the former, she is *salaamed* with additional respect by the slaves, and treated with greater honour by all the *harem*. When she goes to the bath she is to be distinguished by the importance of her air; the waddling of her gait attests her quality; she disposes her white robe over her fair arms so as to present the largest possible surface *en face*, and God help the unlucky Christian who crosses her path. I have had the honour of being insulted by ladies of rank far more frequently than by any other women. The fanaticism of females is in a ratio with their quality, and hence it is from them, chiefly, a Frank passenger has to expect such gentle maledictions as, "May the

plague fall on your house!" "May the foul birds defile your beardless chin!" "May she who would marry you be childless!"

In fact, education in Turkey has no other object but to foster fanaticism, and to inculcate intolerance. When the lady visits her female friends, notice is previously sent of her intention, that the men may have time to get out of the way; the moment she enters the harem she takes off her veil, receiving a thousand salaams, smokes a pipe or two, and is regaled with fruit, sweetmeats, and lump sugar. The conversation commonly turns on dress; she discusses various topics connected with silks and scandal, narrates how a fair neighbour of hers was suspected of embroidering a silk purse for a stranger, of lifting her veil in the street, and conversing with a man; every gentle listener expresses her horror at such depravity, voids her rheum on the floor when she hears her name, and appears quite delighted when she is told that the husband happily interposed, and consigned the naughty woman to a watery grave. I was once present at such a conversation, and was astonished to hear the women applaud the spirit of the man, instead of compassionating the fate of the unfortunate victim of jealousy or justice. Such a fashionable lady as I have been describing has little cause to complain of the seclusion of the *harem*. She rides in her gilded coach, drawn by a team of oxen. She sails in her gay *caique* along the lovely shores of the Bosphorus; slave as she is called to the caprices of a tyrant, she reigns in the harem, her empire over the household is unlimited, her influence over her husband is unbounded, and to her Metastasio might well have said, "Siete schiava, ma regnate nella vostra servitu."

A Constantinople man of quality is a slow-paced biped, of a grave aspect, and a haughty carriage; he assumes an indolent air and shuffling gait, the former is *nonchalance*, the latter *bon ton*. He wears his turban over his right eye, sports a nosegay in his bosom, and is generally to be distinguished from the million by the magnitude of his pantaloons. He sits for hours smoking his *chibouque*, wrapped up in a reverie, the delight of which avowedly consists in the absence of thought. He has been educated in the imperial seraglio, he has risen to honours from the depths of infamy, and after serving his youth in slavery, he is preferred to some office in the state, or is advanced to the government of some distant province; in middle age he can perhaps read and write, and repeat every favourite chapter of the Koran from beginning to end; but this is all his knowledge, and he turns it to the account of plunder. From sentiment and custom he hates a Christian, but then the Christian abhors a Jew, the Jew abominates a Greek, the Greek contemns a Copt, the Copt abjures an Armenian, the Missionary pities each, and Heaven bears with all! He believes no less firmly than the Christian *Rayah* in the truth of his creed, and that no other leads to Paradise. His fanaticism is fundamentally the same as the superstition of the Greek, and the bigotry of the Armenian, and is only modified in its external forms by the diversity of religious rites. In his domestic relations, he differs little from the Christian; his bosom is agitated by the same passions, his actions are swayed by the same motives, his understanding is warped by the same prejudices, he has the same kindly feelings in his family, he loves his little children with the same affection, regards his wife with no less deference, treats his domestics with at least as much humanity, shows his aged parents the same respect, and follows at their bier with the same bitterness of heart. It is not because his turban differs from a hat, or his *cuftan* from a surtout, that he is either vile or virtuous; it is not because *Ramasan* is different from Lent, that his manners or his morals are either corrupt or pure. His inherent hostility to Christianity is the first principle of his law; and the perfidy it is supposed to enjoin is the most prominent feature in his character: I say supposed to enjoin, for though the Koran inculcates *passim*, the extermination of Christians in open warfare, it is nowhere approves of the treachery and inhumanity of which the priesthood make a merit. But persecution is one of the amiable weaknesses of all theologians, and it would be a folly to stigmatize the church of Christ with the charge of intolerance, because Calvin, moderate as he was, pursued a theological opponent even unto death. The most striking qualities of the Moslem are his profound ignorance, his insuperable arrogance, his

habitual indolence, and the perfidy which directs his policy in the divan, and regulates his ferocity in the field. The defects in his character are those of the nation: they are the growth of sudden greatness—the intoxication of prosperity enjoyed without reason or restraint. Before conquest and plunder had exalted the nation on the ruin of other realms, the Turk was brave in the field, faithful to his friend, and generous to his foe. It was then unusual to command the cup of poison with a smile, and to beckon to the murderer, with the oath of friendship on the lips: but treachery is now an accomplishment in Turkey; and I have seen so much of it for some time past, that if my soul were not in some sort attuned to horrors, I should wish myself in Christendom, with no other excitement than the simple murders of a Sunday newspaper.

The grandee, however, relaxes from the fatigues of dignity pretty often; he perambulates with an amber rosary dangling from his wrist; he looks neither to the right nor to the left; the corpse of a *Rayah* attracts not his attention; the head of a slaughtered Greek he passes by unnoticed; he causes the trembling Jew to retire at his approach; he only shuffles the unwary *Frank* who goes along, it is too troublesome to kick him! he reaches the coffee-house before noon, an abject Christian salaams him to the earth, spreads the newest mat for the *Effendi*, presents the richest cup, and cringes by his side to kiss the hem of his garment, or, at least, his hand. The coffee peradventure is not good: the *Effendi* storms—the poor Armenian trembles; he swears by his father's beard he made the very best; in all probability he gets the cup at his head, and a score of maledictions, not on himself, but on his mother. A friend of the *Effendi* enters, and after ten minutes repose they salute, and exchange salaams. A most interesting conversation is carried on by monosyllables at half hour intervals. The grandee exhibits an English penknife; his friend examines it, back and blade, smokes another pipe, and exclaims, "God is great."

Pistols are next produced, their value is an eternal theme, and no other discussion takes place till a grave old priest begins to expatiate on the temper of his sword. A learned *Ulema*, a theologian and a lawyer (for here chicanery and religion go hand in hand), at length talks of astronomy and politics, how the sun shines in the east and in the west, and every where he shines, how he beams on a land of Mussulmans; how all the Padi shaws of Europe pay tribute to the Sultan; and how the gliaours of England are greater people than the infidels of France, because they make better penknives and finer pistols; how the Dey of Algiers made a prisoner of the English admiral, in the late engagement; and, after destroying his fleet, consented to release him, on condition of paying an annual tribute; and how the Christian ambassadors came, like dogs, to the footstool of the Sultan, to feed on his imperial bounty. After this edifying piece of history, the *Effendi* takes his leave, with the pious ejaculation of "Mashalla," how wonderful is God; the waiter bows him out, overpowered with gratitude for the third part of an English farthing, and the proud *Effendi* returns to his harem: he walks with becoming dignity along; perhaps a merry-andrew, playing off his buffooneries, catches his eye,—he looks, but his spirit smiles not, neither do his lips, his gravity is invincible, and he waddles onward, like a porpoise cast on shore: it is evident that nature intended him not for a pedestrian animal, and that he looks with contempt on his locomotive organs. This, my lord, though apparently a ridiculous portrait, is not surcharged, and is, indeed, rather a general picture than an individual likeness.—Vol. i, pp. 9—22.

We extract some odd professional encounters of our author, as illustrative of his own remark, that 'the state of medicine may be considered as the criterion, or barometer, of the state of science in a nation.'

In a few days after this my first visit in Constantinople, I was sent for to the house of a grandee, where a consultation was to be held on a Pacha's case, and one of great importance. I found the patient lying in the middle of a large room, on a mattress spread on the carpet; for "the four-posted beds" of Don Juan and Dudu have no existence in Turkey, and both gentlemen and ladies repose on their mattresses thrown on the carpet of the

divan, in their daily habiliments, none of which they doff at night.

A host of doctors, Jews, Greeks, Italians, and even Moslems thronged round the sick man; and amongst them were jumbled the friends, slaves, and followers of the patient; the latter gave their opinion as well as the doctors; and, in short, took an active share in the consultation. But he who took upon himself to broach the case to the faculty, was a Turkish priest, who administered to the diseases both of soul and body. He prefaced his discourse with the usual origin of all things: he said, "In the beginning God made the world, and gave the light of *Islam* to all the nations of the earth. Mahomet (to whose name be eternal honour) was ordained to receive the perspicuous volume of the Koran from the hands of the angel Gabriel; which book was written by the finger of God, before the foundation of the world; and in its glorious page was to be found all the wisdom of every science, whether of theology or physic; therefore all learning, except that of the Koran, was vain and impious; therefore he had consulted it in the present case, and the repetition of the word honey, he discovered tallied with the number of days his highness suffered (to whom God give health); therefore honey was a sovereign remedy, and one of its component parts was wax, a true specific for the disease before them. Did not the bee suck the juice of every herb? was there not wax in honey? did not wax contain oil? therefore, why not try the oil of wax? Oh, illustrious doctors," he continued, "let us put our trust in God, and administer the dose: our patient has been thirty-six days sick, therefore let him have six and thirty drops every six and thirty hours. And as there is but one God, and Mahomet is, therefore, his prophet, let the oil of wax be given!"

The moment this rigmorole ended, all the servants, and even many of the doctors, applauded the discourse.

There was no time allowed for discussion; the same archpriest took care to see the doctors feed forthwith; each of us got four Spanish dollars, and left the unfortunate sick man to his fate: but going out, when I expressed my astonishment to one of the faculty (an old Armenian), about the exhibition of this new remedy, he looked around him cautiously, and whispered in my ear the word "poison!" On further inquiry, I found the bulk of the patient's property was invested in a mosque. In spite of the remonstrance of my drogueman, I returned to the door I had just quitted, and gave an attendant to understand, his master would die if he took the medicine. The poor man died however: I heard of the event about a month afterwards.

I was shortly after called to a man who was said to have a fever; when I visited him, I asked what was the matter with him, and where he felt pain? but his friends made the customary reply, "That is what we want to know from you; feel his pulse and tell us!" I accordingly did so, found it rapid, his breathing laborious, and his skin hot; but not one of the symptoms could I get from the patient or attendants. The Turks have the ridiculous idea, that a doctor ought to know every disease by applying the fingers to the wrist. I thought, from what I observed, I was warranted in taking blood in this case. I did so; but no sooner had I bound up the arm, than I was requested, for the first time, to examine the other hand: which I did; and, to my utter astonishment, found two of the fingers carried away, the bones protruding; and then only was I informed, that the patient was in the artillery, and had lost his fingers a week before by the explosion of a gun.

I suspected at once the occurrence of locked jaw; I felt his neck, it was like a bar of iron; the man had been labouring under tetanus for three days, and died the following morning. You may well conceive my indignation at such incredible stupidity as the attendants exhibited here, and my choler at being told the result "had been written in the great book of life," and could not be avoided or deferred. Be that as it may, I certainly would not have bled him, had I any reason to suspect the affection of which he died. You may imagine how difficult it is for a medical man to treat such people; and, consequently, how rarely they are benefited by him. There are few Mahometans who do not put faith in amulets; I have found them on broken bones, on aching heads, and sometimes over love-sick hearts. The latter are worn by young ladies, and consist of a leaf or two of

the hyacinthus, which the Turks call mus-charumi ; this is sent by the lover, and is intended to suggest the most obvious rhyme, which is ydskerumi, and implies the attainment of their soft desires.

“ Sometimes these amulets are composed of unmeaning words, like the *abracadabra* of the ancient Greeks for curing fevers, and the *abracalans* of the Jews for other disorders. At other times they consist simply of a scroll, with the words “ *Bismillah*,” “ In the name of the most merciful God,” with some cabalistical signs of the Turkish astrologer Geffier ; but most commonly they contain a verse of the Koran.

“ I think the most esteemed, in dangerous diseases, are shreds of the clothing of the pilgrim camel which conveys the Sultan’s annual present to the sacred city ; these are often more sought after than the physician, and frequently do more good, because greater faith is put in them.

“ The most common of all these charms is the amber bead, with a triangular scroll, worn over the forehead, which the *Marabouts* and the Arab sheiks manufacture, and is probably an imitation of the phylacteries which the Jews were commanded “ to bind them, for a sign, upon their hands, and to be as frontlets between their eyes.” It would be well if no more preposterous and disgusting remedies were employed ; but I have taken off from a gun-shot wound a roasted mouse, which, I was gravely informed, was intended to extract the ball.”—*Vol. I.—pp. 59—64.*

We take leave, for the present, of this keen and versatile letter-writer, with a hearty acknowledgment of the pleasure which his volumes have afforded us. None who resort to the work for mere amusement, will, we venture to say, leave it with ennui ; and those who may consult it with intent more serious, will find instruction both on general and professional subjects.

(To be continued.)

THE FIVE NIGHTS OF ST. ALBANS.

The Five Nights of St. Albans. 3 vols. Blackwood, 1829.

THIS book is strangely born out of due season. The age of extravagant, supernatural romance is gone. That kind of thought and imagery can never now be used but in subordination to a strong human interest ; and all that the book contains of this, is wretchedly marred and baffled by the result. In the days of Mrs. Ratcliffe it would have had more success than its author can now hope for ; but we have seen so many recent works in which supernatural machinery has been successfully employed, that ‘ *The Five Nights of St. Albans*,’ must, we fear, speedily sink into that one long night of oblivion, which is equally exempt from the horrors and splendours of romance. So supernatural a work as this can never be very interesting, except when it embodies, in these wild fictions, some one strong idea, so real and powerful as to communicate a portion of its own truth to the pageantry through which it is displayed—which is not the case with the work before us ; or where the machinery and circumstances themselves are filled with poetry, and so render us comparatively indifferent to the nominal purport of the tale—and neither can this be said of ‘ *The Five Nights of St. Albans*.’ It contains, however, some eloquent passages, some picturesque, some surprising. There is also a good deal of talent in the discrimination of many of the characters. The opening wonder must, we imagine, startle into laughter almost every reader who is not a sworn foe to that pleasant kind of convulsion. We have, therefore, extracted the greater portion of the first chapter ; and so leave the book, assuring our readers, that the marvels with which we present them are in these volumes but a foretaste of the greater wonders that follow.

“ It was towards the latter end of September, in the year 1570, that Hugh Clayton, and Marmaduke Peverell, two substantial yeomen of the ancient town of St. Albans, were returning home from Dunstable, when, just upon the hour of midnight, they came within sight of the venerable towers of the Abbey. They were proceeding leisurely along, their horses somewhat the worse

of a long day’s journey, as the Abbey bell tolled the first hour of twelve. Suddenly, the whole building presented the appearance of one solid mass of a deep-red fire, but without casting forth flame or smoke, or shedding one ray of light upon surrounding objects. It resembled a huge furnace, glowing with intense heat ; and from the magnitude of the building, the effect was at once terrific and sublime.

“ Peverell was the first who observed the strange spectacle. “ By my soul,” said he, stopping his horse, “ the abbey is on fire—look how it is burning !”

“ Burning,” quoth Clayton, “ truly I think the burning is all over, and what we see are only the ruins ! for, do you mark, there is neither smoke nor flame.”

“ You are right,” rejoined Peverell, “ and, what is strange, there seems no bustle in the town. Listen ! all is still, and, save you burning mass, all is dark. Let us push on, and learn what has happened.” So saying, they clapped spurs to their jaded steeds, and in a few minutes entered the town.

“ To their great surprise, they found no person stirring. Every house was closed ; and the inhabitants were all asleep in their beds. But still greater was their surprise, when, directing their looks towards the Abbey, they could no longer perceive the burning ruins which had first attracted their notice.

“ What can all this mean ?” said Peverell, in a half-whisper, to his companion, “ We saw it, and now—”

“ Hush !” interrupted Clayton, while he crossed himself devoutly ; “ let us watch for a few minutes.”

“ They did so ; but to no purpose. Where they had seen the fiery edifice, was now a mere black void ; for the night was too dark to permit of their distinguishing the towers or walls of the abbey.

“ Are we awake ?” continued Clayton, after a pause, “ or have we been dreaming all this time ?”

“ It was no dream,” answered Peverell, “ and for my own part, I am determined to find out whatever it is. I’ll ride up to the abbey door, and if the arch-fiend be sitting there, I’ll ask him what he has been about.”

“ Don’t be fool-hardy,” exclaimed Clayton, catching hold of the bridle of Peverell’s horse ; “ you know there are strange stories told about this abbey,—since the grievous sin committed by our eighth Henry. They do say—”

“ Yes,” rejoined Peverell, laughing, “ they do say that the devil, once a-month, feasts and revels here, with a few choice souls of monks and friars, whom he brings with him to revive the recollection of old times, when the oily rogues themselves wallowed in lusts of the flesh, as pious churchmen of those days were wont to do.”

“ In a few minutes they were under the walls of the abbey—and to their mutual surprise, there stood the walls, massive, gloomy, and frowning, just as they had seen them in the morning when they set out for Dunstable.”

“ It had been already observed, that ere noon, one moiety of the townsfolk of St. Albans, were engaged in discussing this marvellous adventure ; and before sunset, it may be doubted whether there was a tongue in the whole place, from lisping infancy to mumbling age, of which it had not been the burthen. So thoroughly had it taken possession of the minds of all, that as midnight approached, the town, instead of sinking into quiet repose, presented a scene of singular bustle and excitement. No one thought of going to bed. They who lived in houses which commanded a view of the abbey, were seated at their windows, with their eyes fixed on its grey towers and dusky walls ; while hundreds of others, men, and women and children, the old and the young, the infirm and the crippled, gradually gathered themselves into groups, at every spot whence the edifice was visible.”

“ The night was dark, but in the deep blue vault above, myriads of stars were gleaming with that calm lustre, which seemed to shed no light beyond their own spheres. And now a scene presented itself which struck terror into the stoutest heart. The abbey clock began to strike—when suddenly a sound like the rushing of mighty waters, or of a blast of wind roaring through a grove of forest trees, was heard, and the next moment, devouring flames appeared to wrap the walls in one vast sheet of fire. A cry of horror burst from the multi-

tude—the shrieks of women, and the screaming of children, were mingled with the hoarser exclamations of fear uttered by the men ; some fled in dismay, others threw themselves on the ground ; wives clung round the necks of their husbands for safety, and hundreds fell upon their knees in a wild agony of prayer. Meanwhile, the rushing noise continued with increasing loudness—the flames tossed and heaved about, like the waves of a troubled ocean, now seeming to dart from the windows in masses resembling pillars of fire ; then curling up the walls as if instinct with life, or flickering in fantastic shapes round the buttresses and towers. But most strange it was, that neither light nor heat was emitted from this awful mockery of a conflagration. From the bottom to the top, it was one burning surface ; yet the grass and weeds that fringed the former, were no more revealed to the eye by it, than they were before the mysterious volcano blazed forth.

“ While the affrighted inhabitants were still under the first influence of this appalling scene, the abbey clock struck the last hour of twelve, and the whole vanished.

“ The consternation was, if possible, increased by this new wonder ; but it was the consternation of dumb amazement. In a moment every voice was hushed, and the expectation of some fresh horror held them in breathless silence and motionless suspense. They who were fleeing in dismay, suddenly stopped, they hardly knew why. If the wand of a magician had been waved over their heads, with power to fix them to the earth, like so many statues of lifeless stone, the effect could not have been more instantaneous and complete. In a few minutes, the spell began gradually to dissolve ; and group after group slowly retired, discoursing, in voices not raised above a whisper, of what they had beheld ; or fearfully conjecturing what it might all portend.

“ One melancholy circumstance accompanied this night of mystery and panic. A poor idiot girl, about sixteen years of age, had been left in bed by her mother (who was of humble occupation), while she stole out to join the throng of anxious spectators. It was never known under what impulse, or in what way, this wretched creature, with merely her night-clothes on, had wandered forth ; but so it was ; for on her return, the distracted mother found her gone ; and the next morning she was found a corpse, beneath the walls of the abbey. Whether she had strayed unobserved to the spot, beheld the strange scene of the night before, and fell a victim to terrors which she could only feel, but not express ; or whether, having roamed beyond the knowledge of return, she, after awhile, laid her down to sleep, close by what she deemed a warming fire, and so perished from cold, thinly clad as she was, could be nothing more than surmise. It was too true that the poor idiot died, and that her wretched self-accusing mother, felt more than a mother’s anguish for her death. She was her only child, and the very calamity which shut her out from all the rest of the world, made her tenfold more dear to her. “ She could have borne her loss,” she said, “ had it pleased God to take her in the usual way ; but she knew her poor Marian had gone in search of her, who had never left her thus before, and so she met her death ; and that thought she could not bear.”

PHENOMENA OF THE HUMAN MIND.

Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind, by James Mill, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Baldwin. 1829. (Concluded from p. 373.)

THE mistakes which may be admitted with regard to the nature and method of physical inquiry, when shifted from the outward to the inward world, acquire a different complexion and consequence. In analysing the phenomena of external nature, not only must obscurity be suffered to remain about the earliest antecedence in the order of causation—the highest generality of motion—the primary law of nature—an obscurity indeed which many inquirers into mind may consider to be in their own department equally impenetrable : but a certain degree of ignorance of the general ends of science may not exclude success in some of its branches. Observations, however imperfect, may be sufficient

* Bacon.

for the furtherance of human action ; analysis, however incomplete, may be rewarded by the discovery of elements of separate use and value ; experiment is constantly at hand to submit the visions of the mind to the correction of the senses. Experiment, moreover, may be made *in corpore vili*, and the worst effects of error may extend no farther than the failure of an engine or a manufacture. Chemical art will not now undertake to rival nature in the production of her recondite substances ; and no mechanical masterpiece, except in a novel, will be framed to ape the phenomena of life and organisation.

But the comparative impurity of unphilosophical observers of the outward world should induce us to be cautious in accepting their account of the analogies between physical and moral investigation : for, in a system of mind, none of its phenomena must be left out of account for an instant, no element can be separated and viewed by itself to any furtherance of truth or utility ; no experiment addressed to the senses can rectify the deceits which the mind may put on itself with regard to its own quality and nature. Hence, the first condition requisite to success in this department, is a full and conscientious process of self-examination in all the fleeting modes of inward experience, and an invariable habit, un-seduced by sloth or vanity, of contemplating every form of thought or feeling in its native light ; and determinately keeping it in that distinct position to which our healthiest state of consciousness decides it to belong. Hence, too, the high requirements and immense responsibility imposed on him who pretends to give an account of all the faculties and manifold emotions of the human mind. All science is concerned in the safe conduct of his enterprise : for all science, in so far as it is viewed but in the 'insincere mirror' of our intelligence, must, in no insignificant measure, be affected by our estimate of the nature and extent of our own powers, and by the direction which we are consequently prompted to give them. One inquirer starts from notices derived through the senses ; and from these, and the ideas they impart, proceeds to deduce the whole moral constitution of our nature. Another swells our catalogue of primary endowments with sympathies, instincts, and affections, unsusceptible of analysis into simpler sensations. A third detects a purely moral element in our nature, affirms its universality as a spiritual essence, and proclaims it the sole guiding light to science and truth. It is evident at once, how widely different must be the path of each psychologist from the outset.

No reader of Mr. Mill can long be left in doubt with regard to the line and method of inquiry which he has judged the most appropriate to his subject and principles ; and no opponent of these will hesitate long in setting him down among the votaries of *sensation-philosophy*. The naked and concise style in which he has exhibited the outline and dimensions of his system point out its obnoxious members to polemical dissection, and render critical castigation a much simpler sport in appearance than it probably will be found on experiment. Were we Edinburgh reviewers, we might not find it difficult to handle in what sense we pleased, our author's disquisitions ; but, unaccustomed as we are to wield that marvellous critical mallet which could crush the fame of Montesquieu in one short paragraph, we dare not exercise summary jurisdiction over an author who, whether his conclusions coincide or not with our own, is, at all events, entitled to the treatment due to a close consistent arguer in behalf of a deliberately adopted and explicitly stated system. We have devoted our most careful and dispassionate attention to the volumes before us ; and we do not believe that any one who reads them conscientiously will impeach the general accuracy with which the

leading facts which form the ground work of the system are stated, or the strict interdependence and connexion of its details with the whole design. As a whole it must be scrutinized, maintained, or condemned. Nothing is more likely than that any one whose thoughts are not exactly cast in the same mould as our author's, will find some seeming superficialness or contradiction in any two or three sections of the work which he may glance at ; but the noisy reprobation of a reader of this stamp would be no rule of judgment for a calmer student. For example, the chapter of 'Consciousness,' in which the having a sensation or idea, and the being conscious of it, are affirmed to be not two things, but one and the same, may seem, at first sight, to contradict a previous section,—on 'Sensations in the Alimentary Canal,' in which it is stated doubtfully, 'that there is reason to believe that a perpetual train of sensation is going on in every part of it.' A little attention, however, to the terms of the positions which are maintained by each section, will remove the seeming discrepancy ; and a reference to the chapters on 'Memory,' 'Reflection,' &c., will exhibit their connexion with the rest of the system.

There is no especial matter for remark in Mr. Mill's two first chapters on the several phenomena which he classes as composing the two primary states of 'Consciousness'—those feelings, namely, known to be derived from the senses : those which accompany the action of the muscles, or which have place in the alimentary canal ; and the ideas 'which exist after the object of sense has ceased to be present.'

This portion of the work is chiefly characterised by the clear enunciation of admitted facts. The difficulty of making a satisfactory selection must also prevent us from citing any of the judicious remarks by which the nature and use of language, as presenting mental phenomena of such primary importance, are illustrated. We must also refer our readers to the work itself for much curious and instructive disquisition on the 'Association of Ideas,' and the 'Faculty of Imagination.' The concluding part of the chapter on 'Classification,' affords matter for an extract ; the whole of the chapter is important.—Vol. i., p. 211.

* Time and space" says Mr. Harris, "have this in common, that they are both of them by nature continuous. But in this they differ, that all the parts of space exist at once and together, while those of time only exist in transition or succession." This is only transcribing the common language. What remained was, to shew what are the real facts couched under this language.

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" In every given time we may assume any where a now or instant, and therefore, in every given time, there may be assumed infinite nows or instants.

" A now or instant is the bound of every finite time. But although a bound, it is not a part of time. If this appear strange, we may remember, that if a now or instant, were a part of time, it being essential to the character of parts, that they should measure the whole, it would contain within itself infinite other nows ; and this, it is evident, would be absurd and impossible.

" The same now or instant, may be the end of one time, and the beginning of another ; the first, necessarily past time, as being previous to the now or instant, which both times include ; the other necessarily future, as being subsequent. As, therefore, every now or instant always exists in time, and without being time, is time's bound ; the bound of completion to the past, and the bound of commencement to the future : from hence we may conceive its nature or end, which is to be the medium of continuity between the past and the future, so as to render time, through all its parts, one entire and perfect whole."

" It must be obvious to every one, who has correctly followed me through the preceding deductions, that this mysterious language, if applied to actual successions, has a distinct meaning ; if not so applied, it is jargon merely, without one idea annexed. This now, which is not time, and, not being time, is of course nothing else ; this nothing, then, which, though nothing, is the medium of continuity between somethings, namely, time past, and time future, seems to be only a mysterious name for that link which is supposed to be between every antecedent and its consequent ; which supposition of a link, or medium of continuity, we have already shewn to be a mere case of association, involving a prejudice ; the antecedent and consequent, and nothing else, being really included

* 'Omnis percepciones,' says Lord Bacon, (and the sentence shews the sagacious self-distrust of his whole philosophy), 'tam sensus quam mentis, sunt ex analogia hominis, non ex analogia universi : est que intellectus humanus instar speculi inaequalis ad radios rerum, qui suam naturam naturae rerum immisit, eamque dis-torquet et inficit.'

in a case of succession. Thus understood, however, it is a medium of continuity, forming the "bound of completion," to the previous train of successions, the "bound of commencement" to the following.

"Mr. Harris proceeds to shew some of the conclusions, resulting from the account which he had thus rendered of time. "In the first place," he says, "there cannot (strictly speaking) be any such thing as time present." We will draw from this a conclusion, which Mr. Harris appears not to have seen, or does not choose to acknowledge; That, if there be no such thing as time present, neither can there be any such thing as time past. For what is the past, but that which has been present? But if there be no such thing as time present, or time past, there can be no such thing as time future. Time, therefore, is an impossibility.

"Mr. Harris himself, indeed, goes a certain way towards this conclusion. "If no portion of time," he says, "be the object of any sensation; further, if the present never exist; if the past be no more; if the future be not yet; and if these are all the parts, out of which time is compounded: how strange and shadowy a being do we find it? How nearly approaching to a perfect nonentity."

"Mr. Harris then says, "Let us try, however, since the senses fail us, if we have not faculties of higher power, to seize this fleeting being." What then is it he does in search of those "faculties of higher power?" It will be seen, from the following quotation, that he merely describes a few cases of actual succession; and says, that from them, by the help of memory and imagination, we come by the idea of time. But the memory and imagination of successions present to us nothing but the successions themselves. If then the memory and imagination of successions, give us the idea of time, the idea of time can only be some part or the whole of the idea of the successions.

"The world has been likened to a variety of things, but it appears to resemble no one more than some moving spectacle (such as a procession or a triumph) that abounds in every part with splendid objects, some of which are still departing, as fast as others make their appearance. The senses look on, while the sight passes, perceiving as much as is immediately present, which they report with tolerable accuracy to the soul's superior powers. Having done this, they have done their duty, being concerned with nothing, save what is present and instantaneous. But to the memory, to the imagination, and above all, to the intellect, the several nows or instants, are not lost, as to the senses, but are presented and made objects of steady comprehension, however, in their own nature, they may be transitory and passing.

"Now it is from contemplating two or more of these instants under one view, together with that interval of continuity which subsists between them, that we acquire insensibly the idea of time. For example: the sun rises; this I remember: it rises again; this too, I remember. These events are not together; there is an extension between them—not however of space, for we may suppose the place of rising the same, or at least, to exhibit no sensible difference. Yet still we recognise some extension between them. Now what is this extension, but a natural day? And what is that, but pure time? It is after the same manner, by recognising two new moons, and the extension between these; two several equinoxes, and the extension between these; that we gain ideas of other times, such as months and years, which are all so many intervals, described as above; that is to say, passing intervals of continuity between two instants viewed together.

"And thus it is the mind acquires the idea of time. But this time it must be remembered is *past time only*, which is always the first species, that occurs to the human intellect. How then do we acquire the idea of time future? The answer is, we acquire it by anticipation. Should it be demanded still further, And what is anticipation? We answer, that in this case, it is a kind of reasoning by analogy from similar to similar; from successions of events, that are past already, to similar successions, that are presumed hereafter. For example: I observe, as far back as my memory can carry me, how every day has been succeeded by a night; that night, by another day; that day, by another night; and so downwards in order to the day that is now. Hence, then, I

anticipate a similar succession from the present day, and thus gain the idea of days and nights in futurity. After the same manner, by attending to the periodical returns of new and full moons; of springs, summers, autumns, and winters, all of which, in time past, I find never to have failed, I anticipate a like orderly and diversified succession, which makes months, and seasons, and years, in time future."

"It is to be observed, that, in the above passage, Harris, beside memory and imagination, introduces the name of intellect, as concerned in generating the idea of time. But it will be seen that he makes no use of it, whatsoever, in giving his explanation, nor mentions any other operations than those of memory for the past, and anticipation for the future. Indeed it appears, from a passage of his work, immediately following, that when Mr. Harris, in this inquiry, uses the word intellect, he means nothing but anticipation and memory. "There is nothing," he says, "appears so clearly an object of the *mind* or *intellect* only, as the future does, since we can find no place for its existence any where else. Not but the same, if we consider, is equally true of the past." Here we see, that both the future, and the past, are said to be objects of the *intellect* only. But the future is the object of anticipation, the past of memory; and both memory, and anticipation, as we have seen, are cases of association.

"In the cases of succession which he adduces, as examples, to shew in what manner we acquire, he says, "insensibly," the idea of time, he tells us, there is sensation of the consequent, memory of the antecedent, and beside these, "contemplation of two or more instants under one view, together with that interval of continuity, which subsists between them." But the contemplation of two instants, one prior, another posterior, in one view, with the interval between them, is a circumlocution for memory. It denotes, obscurely and imperfectly, that union, in one idea, of all the parts of a train, to which the name memory is affixed. From this contemplation, he says it is, "that we acquire the idea of time." The real meaning is thus shewn to be, that we acquire it from memory. Mr. Harris, therefore, at the bottom, agrees with Dr. Reid; and the same observations by which we shewed the imperfection of Dr. Reid's account, are equally applicable to that of Mr. Harris. The case, in truth, is, that neither of them does any thing more than merely state the fact, without an attempt to explain it. That we cannot have the idea of time, without the observation of successions; and that memory is joined with sense in the observation of successions,—is the matter of fact. What time is, distinct from the memory and the sensations, they ought to have told us, but have not. They would not have found it difficult, had they been familiar with the distinction (of such infinite importance, in all accurate inquiries into the human mind) between the mode of signification of concrete words, and the mode of signification of abstract ones; the latter, in its more complicated cases, of not very easy comprehension. Unfortunately, we have no concrete term, corresponding with time. Hence a great part of the difficulty of conceiving distinctly the meaning of the abstract. Time, also, is not the abstract name of any one train, but of all trains; as redness is not the name of one red, but of all reds. And there is this further complication, that the word "time" is never applied to any train, in particular; as time of a race, time of a battle, and so on; without the predominating association of that particular train, whatever it be, minutes, hours, or days, which we are accustomed to employ, as the measure of other successions. Without much and accurate practice, therefore, in conceiving the meaning of abstract terms, especially in the more complex and intricate cases, it is extremely difficult steadily to contemplate either time, as the abstract name of all successive, or space, as the abstract name of all simultaneous order."

THE ADVENTURES OF A KING'S PAGE.

The Adventures of a King's Page. By the Author of "Almack's Revisited." 3 vols. Colburn, 1829. The only kind of novel which has of late much departed from the standard of the common, historical, and foreign romance, is that to which "The King's Page" belongs. It is a light and sketchy exhibition

of fashionable society, framed in a story of sufficient interest, and accompanied by some glimpses of the war in the Peninsula. It is very easily and pleasantly written, and some of the dialogues are extremely clever, much more so, we apprehend, than the conversations of which they profess to be copies.

We have, however, some causes of quarrel against the author. In the first place, the name has evidently been forced on him by his bookseller. If twenty pages were cut out of the three volumes, there would not be a trace remaining (except in the running titles) of the hero's courtly dignity. We can conceive nothing more disgraceful for a literary man (if indeed, the author at all aspires to that character) than this kind of submission to his tradesman. It is to proclaim at once, that the book has no purpose or meaning of its own beyond that of obtaining a certain sum of money.

We also very decidedly object to the portraits and caricatures of living and well-known individuals, several of which are introduced in "The King's Page." It really would seem that there can be very few general vices and follies among our aristocracy, when half a dozen novelists find themselves reduced to enliven their works by personal attacks on the Duchess of St. Albans, which, by the way, are bad compliments to her hundreds of noble and fashionable guests. This to be sure is, perhaps, the only circumstance that gives point and interest to such easy satires. There may, perhaps be inexhaustible enjoyment in ridiculing and abusing a person at whose table we yesterday feasted; but it might be as well if authors would remember that, to the greatest number of their readers, this source of literary pleasure is wanting. If a foreigner were to judge of England by Mr. Colburn's novels and the weekly newspapers, he would suppose that no earthly (or indeed heavenly) object is so important to the country as the hunting down by ridicule, and very often by calumny, one rich and ostentatious woman.

It might, moreover, be as well if the "author of Almack's Revisited" would remember that he can produce little impression on the mind of any one by his ever-recurring panegyrics on all and each of the royal family. The characters of many of the exalted personages who are eulogised severally and in the lump, on about one hundred and fifty different and unsuitable occasions in the course of these volumes, have become matter for history; and the consequence of covering alike the living and the dead with indiscriminate and extravagant praise, must necessarily be to suggest to every reader the counter-balancing defects and vices which are even more, perhaps, in some cases, than would suffice to prove our princes and princesses not quite the faultless divinities prated of in these pages. If the royal family were considerably worse than, on the whole, they have ever been charged with being, there still would not exist much reason to fear the spread of disloyalty among us; and we really can see no use in larding our literature with panegyrics which every one knows to be exaggerated and foolish. We are satisfied that the Guelphs are morally very superior to the Bourbons or the Tsars; and our institutions and national spirit happily do not make it necessary to our welfare that they should be hereditary archangels.

The last point on which we intend to complain of the author before us, is the excessive vanity which he seems to feel at the circumstance of his being admitted to society where "which" is not used for "who," nor "two negatives employed instead of one." This English madness of believing that there are no educated or agreeable people in the country beyond a circle of some one thousand families, at the very utmost, has now lasted so long that we may hope it will soon become unfashionable. Of this we are very sure, that, in the highest and most cultivated society, the persons whom every one would allow to be models for manner and accomplishment, are the least likely to treat with arrogance and contempt people of as good education and habits as themselves, though less distinguished for rank, wealth, and luxurious elegance.

There still remains the general accusation against this and a score of similar works, that they display no power of conceiving any thing which their authors have not seen; that they do not at all exercise the imagination or the intellect of their readers; and that the amusement which they afford is, therefore, of the most passive and meagre kind, leaving the weakest relish on the palate, and furnishing the most watery nutriment to the life-blood. Into this wide field of discussion we do not now design to enter, but prefer to conclude with an extract, which cannot fail, we think, to amuse our readers:

“At the moment of Lady Roxmire’s visit to Birkenholz, the family of Sir Stephen was assembled in the eating-room, busily occupied in the discussion of one of those substantial luncheons which so fortunately intervene in the country to break through the tediums of the day, when rainy weather, or the cessation of field sports, confine your real young country gentleman to the house, and leave him entirely at the mercy of his own intellect and resources: which latter may be classed under the following heads.

“Sitting for an hour or two on a cornbin, listening to the harmonious sounds with which the grooms accompany their manual operations on the heels of the horses. Smoking segars in the harness-room, and keeping his hands in practice for driving, by tickling up the pigs as they lie buried in the straw of the farm-yard with a four-horse whip. Teaching Tom, the tail-less stable-cat, to jump through his arms, and then rewarding the poor animal’s docility by worrying it with half a dozen terriers. Establishing a fight between his mother’s pet-pug, Bijou, and the housekeeper’s favourite tabby, Bess. Whistling to the turkey-cocks until they gabble and swell themselves into a state of appoplexy. Dogs-eating books of prints and etchings; humming out of tune ‘Cherry ripe!’ and the not less eternal Jager Chorus; curing his younger brothers’ chilblains by rapping their knuckles with backswords; and spoiling his sister’s superfine scissors and work-boxes, by scratching mail-coaches on the lids of the one with the points of the other.

“Several of these interesting amusements had been tried in their turn by young Squire Stephen Cornwall, who, having sated himself with cold pie and ale, was busily employed in tracing the circumference of a coach-wheel with a three-pronged fork on the table-cloth: upon lifting up his eye towards the park, he exclaimed, ‘I shall bolt; here come some of your big-wig visitors: I saw the flunkies bobbing up and down before the drag, like apples in a mill-stream.’ The attention of the rest of the party was attracted towards the park by this very ingenious observation; and there was a general exclamation of, ‘I declare! a carriage passing through the park-gates!’—‘So early, my dears,’ said the mamma; ‘it surely can be none of our expected party!’

“Some horrid boring neighbours who have heard of it, perhaps, coming to give you a hint to ask them,” observed Miss Dora Cornwall.

“Do, my dears, reconnoitre,” answered the lady of the mansion. Two or three of the young ladies immediately flew to a table, on which stood a large telescope, placed there for the special purpose of examining visitors, long ere they reached the house; by which clever precaution, the inmates obtained sufficient time either to issue the repulsive ‘not at home,’ or to prepare for the reception of the approaching individuals with all the ceremony of indifference due to their respective ranks. After a few moments’ observation, one of the damsels exclaimed, ‘Six horses, and three outriders: it must be somebody of importance. Shall I ring, Mamma?’

“Who can it be? Who is it?” ejaculated the whole group.

“Probably the Lord Lieutenant coming to consult me on the disturbed state of the manufacturing classes,” said Sir Stephen. “It is really very hard, that the public authorities cannot act on any occasion without troubling me for my advice.”

“It’s the Yarmouth heavy, more likely,” said the young Squire; “to judge by the pace it comes: just look how the dragsman handles the ribands!”

“Ribands, brother!” exclaimed all the Misses Cornwalls in chorus: “what! favours? Who can it be?—a wedding visit?”

“Highly improbable, my dears,” said the mamma. “I should scarcely suppose that any person in the county, with six horses and three outriders, would think of marrying without previously communicating the event to us.”

“Ribands!” also exclaimed the Baronet; “they must be election colours. Mr. Toadywell, in consequence of his recent appointment, has vacated his seat; there is an opening for Rottenhill—it must be the new candidate.”

“Delighted at having accidentally mystified his relatives, Mr. Stephen continued: “Marry! ay, marry, come up: titch! titch!” and he accompanied his words with that kind of hissing sound with which coachmen exhort their horses; whilst he twisted his fingers right and left, as if he had a whip in his hand—“Ay! and as nice a pair as ever I saw!”

“Dear me,” exclaimed the united band, “who can they be? How very uncivil, not even to have sent us some cake!”

“It’s incredible, my loves!” rejoined the mamma.

“Why then, look yourself, mother,” answered the Squire, grinning at his own wit; “and if they a’nt as nice a pair of leaders as ever you saw, then I don’t know what’s what.”

“I must request, Stephen,” said the Baronet, much annoyed, “that you will refrain, in my presence, from a style of conversation totally unbecoming your station and prospect in life: your language would even disgrace the low class of men whom it appears to be your sole aim to imitate and surpass. Can you not inform us in simple English who they are?”

“Well, that would be like driving three blind ones and a bolter,” replied the incorrigible youth. “How am I to tell who’s booked inside, if I haven’t seen the way-bill?”

“Blue and silver! I see it plainly,” said Miss Cornwall, who had taken her place at the glass. “Then it must be the Roxmires,” added another of the girls; “no one else with that livery drives six horses.”

“Then ring directly for the butler, my dears. What can that horrid boring old woman want? We have not seen her so long, I was in hopes she was bed-ridden,” exclaimed the godly lady.

“It is much more probable,” said Sir Stephen, “that my noble friend, the Earl, is coming to take my opinion on the bill he intends bringing in next session. I have been in dread of this visit for the last six weeks. I must really announce to my acquaintance, that my health is unequal to the labours which are imposed upon me;” and then adding, “When his Lordship arrives, let him be shown into my cabinet,” he retired.

“Much more likely,” said Lady Roxmire, when the door closed, “that it is Lady Roxmire with one of her begging petitions; but if it is, I shall refuse. I do not trust her to have any claim upon my charity, since she refused to patronize my philanthropic branch of the Northeast Grand Junction Auxiliary Bible Society;” and then, as the butler entered, she added, “Potts, direct she the servants to be ready in the hall, and let them put on their best liveries.”

“Their best with tags, my Lady?”

“Of course, Potts!—it is the Countess of Roxmire and six horses;—and Potts, let a hot poker be put in the state drawing-room fire.”

“Are the covers to be taken off the damask chairs, my Lady?” demanded the butler.

“Certainly! if there is time. Always let that be done when it is a countess, or a person of higher degree; and let luncheon be got ready in the grand eating-room.”

“Plate or china, my Lady?” asked the man.

“Plate, of course, you stupid fellow! Always plate when there are outriders; and let covers be laid for a dozen, as if we always expected many visitors.”

“Very well, my Lady,” replied the butler; and then turning, ere he left the room, he said, “Cape or Madeira, my Lady? there’s nothing but Cape up.”

“Oh! Madeira, of course; but not the old East-India Potts.—And Potts, I forgot to say, send all the people to the inn: no guzzling, if you please, in the servants’ hall.”

“Yes, my Lady,” answered the man; “but they always take us in at the Castle, my Lady.”

“That is their affair; do as I order. And remem-

ber, no sneaking round the shrubbery with ale, Mr. Potts.”

“No, my Lady,” was the butler’s answer; as, hastening out of the room, he muttered, “If one’s obliged to treat other folks’ servants in this kind of niggerly way, we shall have other folks’ servants slamming the doors in one’s faces, and no getting nothing comfortable: if this is to be the go, I shall give warning, and better myself;” and he forthwith retired to the pantry, and emptied the remainder of a bottle of Cape wine, by way of consolation.

“Now my dears,” said Lady Cornwall, “let us prepare for the enemy.—Dora, my love, put out some of the embroidery your governess worked for you, and employ yourself in picking out some threads.—Martha, my dear, open your drawing things, and show the sketch from nature you copied from Mr. Easel.—Bella, put the chess-men in confusion; I dare say the stupid housemaid has set them all in order.—Flora, place the book Lady Roxmire sent me to read two months ago, on my stand; and then sit down to your harp.”

“The leaves are not cut of your book, and there are not ten strings left to the harp,” replied Miss Flora.

“Then fetch me a volume of Sermons, or the Last Transactions of the Society for the Conversion of the Esquimaux; and crack another string just as they come in, that will answer all the purpose.”

Lieutenant Cornwall, an officer in the navy, who was an old playfellow and friend of Arthur Beverley’s, and who had witnessed all that had passed, now ventured to say, “Why, what, in the name of Heaven!—”

“Do not take the name of Heaven in vain, George. I am shocked at your profaneness,” said Lady Cornwall, interrupting him. “I am sure, if Lord Gambier was to hear you, you would never be promoted,” added her Ladyship, as she left the room.

“You are all bewitched, I believe,” said the sailor, “since poor Julia has left you. Why all this nonsensical preparation for that good old lady?”

“Oh!” said Miss Bella, “you know, the horrid old woman is so dreadfully blue, so shockingly prosy, that we should be lost for ever if we were not caught doing something literary or domestic.”

“Why, you will all be as bad as old Pampyford,” exclaimed the Squire.

“And who is she, Stephen?” demanded the sailor.

“Why the old girl that lives at Pine Apple Grove, with six cats and seven pet spaniels, and they all sleep in four-post beds, and have their hands and faces washed with rose-water. I made a bag of her best tortoise-shell Tom; and she went into mourning because my bull-dog ate him.”

The carriage now approached the door, and in a few seconds Lady Roxmire and Lucy were ushered into the drawing-room, amidst the screams and well-feigned exclamation of the whole group. “What?” can it be possible! exclaimed the hostess.—“Lady Roxmire? dear Lady Roxmire! how delighted I am to see you!—We were just talking of you.—What an age since we have met!—How kind thus to take us by surprise!—How is the dear Earl!—Girls, Bella, Martha, take dear Lady Roxmire’s cloak.”

“Permit me to present my particular friend, Miss Delmore, who is in future to reside with me,” replied the Countess, after the usual salutations.

The young ladies all bowed formally, and whispered among themselves.—“Some charity girl, I suppose,—some humble companion: rather cool bringing her here.”

“What?” said Lady Cornwall,—“a daughter of that worthy man, Mr. Delmore, of Beverley, of whom we have heard so much?”

“The same,” replied the Countess; “he has had the kindness to intrust his treasure to my care.”

“So kind of you to take notice of her, my dear Lady Roxmire,” whined out the hostess; “so completely in that spirit of Christian benevolence which guides all your actions,—always charitable.”

“Always grateful for the obligations I receive,” answered Lady Roxmire: “and it is impossible Mr. Delmore could have conferred a greater favour, or given me a more decided proof of his esteem and confidence, than by permitting this dear child to supply the void which is caused by the absence of my poor Arthur.—But I hope,” continued the Countess, pressing Lucy’s hand, “that she will not find Beverley Castle, or St. James’s Square,

quite so dull as they have been of late years. I must now endeavour to rally: I have a daughter to present, for in that light Lord Roxmire and I consider Miss Delmore."

"In a moment Lady Cornwall saw that she was, what her son called, on a wrong cast; and she therefore exclaimed, 'How enchanted I am to make her acquaintance! I hope we shall see a great deal of her—How strikingly handsome!' added she in a half whisper to Lady Roxmire; and then aloud, 'Miss Delmore, I must introduce you, individually, to all my daughters. Lucy! what a pretty name! I like it so much, so unaffected.—Here Dora! Bella! Maria! Flora! Miss Delmore;—Miss Delmore, my daughters.'

THE HEBREW LANGUAGE.

The Elements of the Hebrew Language. By H. Hurwitz, Author of 'Vindicia Hebraica,' &c. Taylor, London, 1829.

This is just such a book as we had a right to expect from the author of 'Vindicia Hebraica.' Without professing much, it completely exhausts the subject to which it is devoted, and supplies the student with an elementary work indeed, but one which will enable him to proceed beyond the elements only, with very diminished labour. It is confined to the removing of those difficulties which especially press upon the unassisted tyro, and which arise from the peculiar construction of the Hebrew words, the changes of vowels, &c.; and, by its extreme clearness, it contrasts very strongly with those tedious and involved works which we have hitherto been compelled to wade through at this period of our study. There is surely no time which more imperatively calls for perspicuity, and a lucid method of treatment, than the very beginning of our acquaintance with a language; and, were no other advantages to be derived from the publication of Mr. Hurwitz's 'Elements,' we should feel that all future Hebraists were not slightly indebted to him for smoothing the road so effectually before them at the very outset. That this, and no more than this, has been the author's intention, we are fully assured in his preface. We will, therefore, proceed to show how this has been accomplished. The first chapter is devoted to the manner of writing and reading the Hebrew text, and to the settling the exact value of the consonant and vowel sounds, and describes shortly the origin of the points, and their local value: it also gives some account of 'Sheva,' and 'Dagesh,' which are usually found to be no inconsiderable stumbling-blocks to beginners. We have here also a few remarks on the accentuation of words. These are followed by a Praxis, intended to habituate the learner to the formation of Hebrew letters, and to give him a knowledge of their value.

The second chapter gives rules for ascertaining the power of syllables; gives the force of the *quiescents*, and gives some account of *Mak-keph*, *Metheg*, and *Mappik*. All these are accompanied with plates of numerous examples. Hence he proceeds to the substitutes for *Sh'va* initial, or the semi-vowels, with examples of their use, and that of *Sh'va* and *Dagesh*. After some general remarks on *Kametz* and *Hirik*, on *Holem*, when preceded by *Shin*, or followed by *Shin*, and a table of words, whose only distinction is their vowels, (viz., LaMoD למד To learn, and LaMaD למד He learned. aL אל God, eL אל To, and aL אל not.) He proceeds to the Reading Lessons, selected from 'The Old Testament.' In these the text, as found in the printed copies, is placed at the head of the page, and below, in two columns, its pronunciation in English characters, and its syllabic division in Hebrew, are subjoined. The whole is followed by an analysis of each word. We select one of these as a specimen:

‘**הַשְׁמִים** the Heaven. (-) under **ה** is the

vowel point *Pathah*, (p. 14.) The dot in the **ו** is *Dagesh hazul*, (p. 33,) which, as it doubles the letter,

in which it occurs, makes **ו** equivalent to **וּוּ**; the first of which is pronounced with the syllable that precedes it, **וּ** *hash*, and the second is pronounced

with its own vowel, **וּ** *shā*. **וּ** *má*, is a simple syllable, having the accent. **וּ** is pronounced like *y* in *yes*; the dot beneath it is *short Hirik*, (p. 14), forming a compound syllable with the **וּ**, thus **וּוּ** *yim*. The accent is on the penultimate, and the whole word is pronounced *Hash-sha-má-yim*. **וּ** is the sign of the article *the*.*

By an ingenious device, the words in the subsequent lessons are so printed as to mark distinctly the *prefixes* and *affixes* in each, the word itself being in *dark*, the *affix* in *light*, Hebrew characters; thus, 'And he said **וְיָמַרְתָּ** Vayomer.'

The third chapter is confined to the explanation of accents, of which we may say, in the author's own words, 'Grammarians do not agree concerning either their exact number, names, or powers.' and of which, therefore, he has only given tables which may serve as a sort of assistance to the student on his first meeting with them. This little book concludes with a table of familiar phrases, in which the use of the *pronouns*, and the verb *to be*, is exemplified, as in the case of the *prefixes* and *affixes* by blank letters.

From what we have said, our readers will perceive the exact intention of this work. It is not to supersede a laborious inquiry into the roots of words, or to mechanicalize the language which, of all others, is least capable of being mechanicalized, by supplying us with a 'Genesis on the Hamiltonian plan'; it is only meant to facilitate the student's progress over the first steps of his road, by giving him a knowledge of the powers of those signs which he will meet with, and by laying before him the manner in which the *government* of words affects their *appearance*. For any thing beyond this, we must look to his 'Etymology and Syntax,' which are to form the second part of the work. Before we quit him, we will mention his own opinion concerning *translations* from the Hebrew, as a means of acquiring a knowledge of that language.

This little work further contains progressive reading lessons, selected from Scripture, accompanied by a literal translation; not, indeed, as if I wished it to be understood that a critical knowledge of any language, and especially of such a one as the Hebrew, can be obtained by mere literal translations, unaided by grammatical learning, but because I am persuaded that they are, when analytically conducted, the surest means of giving the student a real insight into the use and application of words, and the peculiar idiom of a language.'

We would recommend this opinion to the compiler of another work, published by Messrs. Taylor, viz., 'The Book of Genesis, with a literal translation, &c.' in which we are gravely told to learn by heart the juxtaposed Hebrew and English, till one word does not fail to suggest the other. Now we have always believed, that, in order to obtain the slightest knowledge of Hebrew, it was necessary to track the *root* through all its derivative words; and we are quite certain, that, in order to derive any mental improvement from any language at all, we must eschew as much as possible the being, what such authors would make us, *word-machines*.

Forest Scenes and Incidents in the Wilds of North America, by George Head, Esq. London, 1829. Murray.

This is an amusing little narrative of a rather perilous journey, in the depth of winter, from Halifax, across New Brunswick, to Quebec, and from thence to the banks of the Lake Huron, with an account of a residence in that wild spot. The style is plain and unpretending, and there are simple but

affecting descriptions of the author's cold and weary journey—of the hazardous passage of the half-frozen St. Lawrence—of the great and distant lake—of his rambles in the silent untrdden forest—of the rude yet strongly-marked features of the savage men who wander through that wild domain—and of the grand constructions of its only civilized inhabitant, the beaver.

A New and Complete History of the Counties of Sussex and Surrey. By Thomas Allen, Author of the *History of the Palace and Parish of Lambeth, &c.* Illustrated with Views from Drawings by Nathaniel Whittock. No. 1, 2, & 3. Hinton. London, 1829.

This is the commencement of an elaborate topographical work on the two neighbouring counties of Surrey and Sussex, the ancient Saxon kingdom of South Seax. From productions of the kind it would be unreasonable to expect literary matter of great merit, and it will be a sufficient recommendation that the information furnished is ample and correct, and that the illustrations are properly selected and well executed. The first quality, viz. fulness of details, the numbers hitherto published possess in an eminent degree; of the accuracy of those details, it requires more local knowledge than is generally possessed by an individual to judge: but we see no reason to entertain doubts on that head. The illustrations are all from drawings by the same hand of which the masterly *View of St. Saviour's in the Borough*, by way of *Vignette* in the Title Page to the first number, cleverly engraved by Rogers, proves the competency to the task committed to it. We are glad to trace the hand of Mr. Rogers in the greater part of the subsequent plates.

Synopsis of Midwifery, shewing the Management of natural and difficult Labours—their Consequences, and Treatment. By Henry Hurry Goodeve and Thomas Evans, late house-pupils to Dr. G. Hopkins, Physician, Accoucheur to the Wives of Soldiers of the Three Regiments of Foot Guards, to the Westminster and Southwark Lying-in Institutions, Lecturer on Midwifery, &c. Second edition. Highley. 1829.

We some time back noticed the first edition of this little work, when it appeared in the form of a chart, and have since been happy to find the praise we then bestowed upon it re-echoed by all the Medical journals. It has just been published in the shape of a pocket-book; and 'is made,' say its authors, 'to assume its present form in compliance with the recommendations of the medical journals, and in furtherance of the object which led to its first publication. This object was to give, on a plan of easy reference, advice in cases of emergency; but considering that advice is most needed in the sick room, where a chart would be too ostentatious, and larger books inconvenient, we have determined to give to the young practitioner, in the fewest possible words, the means of directing his ignorance, or of aiding his memory, and in such guise, that whilst he is instructed, his patient shall not be alarmed, nor shall the attendants suspect his occupation.'

The fact, that a second edition has been called for, is a sufficient proof of the estimation in which this little manual is held by the profession; and we should imagine its value would be much increased from the metamorphose it has undergone, from a library chart to a 'Pocket Companion.'

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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* In the first **וּ** a dot is wanting between the two first strokes.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN VARIOUS MEN AND WOMEN UPON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

AN INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

Concerning *Tintern Abbey*.

If two Englishmen wish to know each other in any worthy sense, that is to say, to become acquainted with each other's whole man, as compounded of vices, virtues, wisdom, folly, agreeables, and disagreeables, there is no way but the old-fashioned one of living for some months or years in the same house, or at any rate, in the same square, street, or village. But there are one or two royal roads to an acquaintance with certain parts of each other's minds and characters. Thus it is too obvious to need remarking, that for the purpose of finding out whatever is perverse, pugnacious, offensive, and outrageous in a friend, nothing is more effectual than a six weeks' tour with him to the Alps, or the Rhine, or the South of France; and I take it to be as unquestionable that the next most advantageous opportunity for studying what may be called a man's outward nature, including his opinions, modes of thinking, artificial peculiarities, and so forth, is afforded by a home tour of half a dozen days;—as there are no custom-houses, no suspected impositions, no uncomfortable inns, no fatigue from wandering three times over half a town, because in asking the name of a street, you may have laid the emphasis on the wrong letters of a word; none, lastly, of the terrible inconvenience which results from being almost entirely dependent upon each other's powers of amusement;—there is nothing which can induce two persons to put on an attitude of self-defence, or to restrain them from exposing as much of their characters (except perhaps some little spot which they have a fancy for concealing) as can be exposed in so short a time.

Major Newcombe and Henry Mordaunt, during their short excursion, were able to take many observations of each other's altitude and proportions. It would be difficult to say which of them had the advantage in this respect. Mordaunt certainly laboured harder than his companion to disguise his opinions, by assuming a veil of banter, and by various other artifices, to sink his monkish peculiarities. But a young man's attempts of this kind are seldom very successful. His badinage is a thin gauze which can hide nothing from the eye of either man or woman, and his affectations are rather more stiff than that which they were meant to keep out of sight. He might possibly, on this very account, have been less friendly to Major Newcombe than the latter, in spite of his indifference to concealment, was to Mordaunt. But, on the other hand, Mordaunt probably took much more pains to comprehend his friend, than his friend thought it worth while to bestow upon him; for, besides the instinct of reverence we all have towards any one who is more a man of the world than ourselves, he was just at that period of life when the habit of observing and generalizing is strongest.

Mordaunt had seen many old men, and them he fancied that he understood. He thought, (it was a mistake by the way,) but he thought that he could fathom the meaning of all their grave common-places; that he knew what they meant when they laughed at him as a young philosopher, and that it was very natural they should do so. He had no difficulty in explaining why he felt no sympathy with the roaring rabble of a university, called gay men, nor why he was equally at issue with that other class whom he had seen there, who profess an imperturbable quiet, gentleman-like deportment, and are afraid of risking their propriety by the least indulgence in thought, feeling, or humour,—but Major Newcombe was none of these; he was not an old man, and did not talk common-place; he was at the furthest imaginable remove from a roysterer; and he was no mere abstract melancholy gentleman. He talked as freely as Mordaunt, and was not the least afraid to commit himself in a laugh, nay, expressed himself on many topics with enthusiasm and earnestness. He was perfectly unaffected in his manner, and he had no

one quality at all obtrusive or striking,—and though they talked, as I have observed, very volubly, they never argued by any chance, so that if there was any difference of opinion between them it never made its appearance. Why then was Mordaunt so extremely puzzled by his companion, and why was it that, being on such perfectly good terms, he should have made up his mind, after two day's journey together, that they did not feel in accordance upon any one subject? I cannot tell, but so it was.

In this conclusion, however, he was wrong. There were many feelings in common between them; there were points upon which they could have talked and have understood each other perfectly.—They both loved external nature with deep fervent love. And is not this a sufficient attraction—a strong enough point of sympathy between any two characters? If this great door be open, what can prevent the two most dissimilar men in the universe from having free entrance into each other's souls? Alas! it is on this very point that our English lips are most hermetically sealed. It is just on this very subject of natural beauty—the subject on which all our national feelings are most alive, that our national reserve presses most heavily, most cruelly upon us. Nature has spoken to each of us so secretly and solemnly—has so mingled in our most sacred and incommunicable experiences, that we cannot conceive how that which is transfigured, as it were, into our individual being, can be likewise an electrical chain to connect us with the species. No nation ever loved the sea as we love it, except the Greeks, and their sentiment towards it was rather one of happiness and joy—a child-like delight in listening to its manifold roar, and watching the *ανεργίας γέλασμα*, than that deep melancholy feeling which possesses our whole soul when we gaze upon it. Delightful it would be if we could share this oppressive pleasure with one another; and yet how often does it happen that two Englishmen approach the sea, and that each is feeding his mind with anticipations of the joy which he shall experience in walking out under a moonless sky when nothing is to be seen but a few scattered lonely stars, nothing heard but the roar of the ocean, and nothing felt but night; and yet that each thinks his neighbour quite unable and unworthy to enter into this sublime passion, or even to understand what it means.

In this respect Mordaunt and his companion were like their countrymen, for neither of them spoke of the effects of scenery upon himself. But though they did not discourse upon scenery like men, they talked of it like artists, and as the language of art in the mouths of all who are not pedants and connoisseurs, is the next best thing to the direct language of feeling, and contains many words and phrases in common with it, these conversations certainly brought them into stricter acquaintance than any other in which they engaged during their tour.

They had sailed down the Wye to Ross, and had fallen into much learned discussion respecting the class of beauty for which this exquisite river is conspicuous, its peculiarly English character, and railed at the monstrous stupidity of the tourists who have pronounced it monotonous, merely because it preserves the same style for many miles, and that a style in which, being rather one of general than of sudden effect, this continuousness, which they call sameness, is eminently requisite. They had talked, I say, in this way, and were now nearly at the extreme point of their tour, as they had reached Tintern.

They were not disappointed with the abbey, as few persons are who have not previously determined to be so. They were prepared to be disgusted with the trick of suddenly throwing open the great door, and the disgust was not quite turned into amusement when two exceedingly fat young women, who, with their grandmother, reached the abbey just at the same time with themselves, took the opportunity of falling into their respective arms in an ineffectual attempt to faint, about a quarter of a

minute before the scene, for which they had prepared their scene, actually made its appearance. But neither this nor any other absurdity of which man or womankind might be guilty, had any effect upon the feelings with which they viewed this magnificent building.

I have heard it said that this abbey does not fulfil our idea of a Gothic temple; that it is altogether too rich and gorgeous; that it is a building which might have been raised by a Greek, by merely adapting the laws of his own art to our climate and circumstances; or at any rate, that it looks rather as if it were raised to the God of nature than to the God of Christianity.

Mordaunt was half inclined to this opinion, and though Major Newcombe dissented from it, he could not help acknowledging that the confessional did not seem to be so absolutely necessary a part of this abbey as of most others which he had visited. But they were both agreed that if the building was an anomaly, it was a most wonderful and glorious anomaly, and one which, at least, compensated for its defection from all outward laws by its perfect internal coherency. How that bright mass of foliage that rises so magnificently behind the eastern window, and flings over the whole chapel a shadow, not dim or gloomy, but rich with the myriad hues that it has received as love tokens from the sunbeams—how this foliage seems to belong to the splendid arch through which you view it! How impossible to conceive their not existing together by some necessary law, some compact sealed between them at the creation! And this character is impressed upon the whole edifice. One would say that it had grown up with the scenery around it, gradually moulding that scene into a new character, and giving an individual meaning to what would have been only a part of the immensity of the universe; and in this view we feel even more if this than in other abbeys, that the Goths, who reduced it to a ruin, were not deviating so far as they supposed, from the spirit of the Goths who built it; for it seems to be fitting, that where a building has so worn itself into a conformity with nature, that the breeze should whistle through its bare window, and the sky look down upon its green pavements.

The composition of the strange party into which our friends were thrown, we will describe in our next chapter.

THE TEMPTATION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LA MOTTE FOQUE.

BEFORE the ivied portal of his hall
The aged knight, Sir Hildebrand, was sitting,
Called the Wise Master by the men of Bern.
His heart was glad as he beheld the evening
Sink down so gently on the weary fields,
Amid the solemn sounds from church and convent,
Amid the evening cries of lambs and shepherds,
While streams of smoke rose from the cheerful hamlets.
When suddenly across the peaceful vale
A rapid horsesho's stroke grows louder, nearing
All up the castle-hill, till dark with foam
A kingly courser halts before the gate;
And a slim youth down-springing from its back
Kneels to the aged warrior, sighing deeply,
In whom Sir Hildebrand soon recognising
His favourite, young Horst, thus speaks to him:
‘Wherefore, my boy, thus sad, and thus impetuous?’
Hence these tidings met his anxious ear:
‘Father, an evil spirit dwells within me,
And fiercely burning feeds upon my soul.
‘Twere well for me, were our dear Saviour yet
Walking on earth, to banish from my heart
The unclean spirit with his hallowing hands.’

HILDEBRAND.

That by his holy spirit doth he still.

HORST.

I then of such high helper am unworthy;
For in a time of fearful need he leaves me.

Two moons have grown and dwindled, since my friend,
Rich Cuno, bade me to his marriage feast.
O my dear good old Master Hildebrand,
Did you e'er see his bride?

HILDEBRAND.

What though I had, my eyesight has grown old.
HORST.

To look on her would make it young again.
And yet at first all went so well with me;
I joyed in her, as in a lovely picture,
The loveliest my eyes e'er gazed upon:
But when Sir Cuno—wherefore did he so?
Led her to be my partner in the dance,
When the warm thrilling pressure of her hand
So fair and soft within my righthand lay,
When my bold arm enclasped her slender waist,
And the eyes of each into the other's lightened,—
Since then I have been lost.

HILDEBRAND.

Hast thou then wronged thy friend?

HORST.

Neither to deed nor word have I given birth.
But what avails it? In my heart the flame
Of my delight and of my woe still burns:
And in my ears a wicked spirit buzzes,
That when I sleep or wake is ever muttering:
Thou hunttest oft with Cuno and his wife;
Sharp is thy arrow, thy young courser fleet,
The ramparts of thy castle high and strong.—
Oh God, how shall I ever save my soul!

HILDEBRAND.

Strive with the tempter, weary him by prayer.

HORST.

Father, I fear I am become an outcast
From God's dear love and from his saving power.
He, whom such spirits as my tempter visit,
Must surely be a child of hell already,
Forsaken by the golden choir of angels.

HILDEBRAND.

Not so. But spread thy chest, upraise thy head.
The path whereby our ancient enemy
Rushes against us, lies within his choice;
Our part is on all sides to beat him off.
It is not the temptation which assails us,
But that to which we yield, that makes the sin.
Distrust not then thyself, my boy; far less
Distrust the love of thy almighty Father.
Fight knightly; o'erthrow thy enemy
However foul he be, it will not soil thee,
If thou but tramplest stoutly on his neck.

The good old Master kissed his darling youth.
And through the vale the knight rode thoughtfully.

* * * * *

Beneath the sunny noontide's deepblue sky
The old Sir Hildebrand upon the morrow
Was walking through the shady alder-grove;
And found there,—with his steed beside him grazing,—
His darling slumbering to a streamlet's song.
The pious Master blessed Almighty God,
Who such rich healing grace was pouring forth
Upon his sleep and dreams.
For free from care the young knight's face was glowing
Amid its golden locks, as bright and fresh
To look upon as any sun in spring.
With gentle tread the master onward passed,
Unwilling to disturb his youthful friend,
And thinking to himself:
In truth thou needest, sorely dost thou need,
For the fierce battles that beset thy life,
Refreshment such as now flows soothing o'er thee.
But scarcely has the thought escaped his mind,
When his long eye-lashes the sleeper raised,
And such a joyous eye beneath them flashed,
As though he were but newly born
And lying in a lovely mother's arm.
Hereat the good old master greatly wondered,
And asked his favorite, whence such gladness came.
Who instantly replied:

* Marvels the gardener at that floweret's smile,
Which he with every loving care has nurtured?

HILDEBRAND.

Yes, truly 'twas a flower I wished to nurture.
But not like this, not of such dazzling radiance,
As that which unawares before me glitters.

HORST.

Our faithful care is often blessed with more,
Than it could ever dare at first to hope for.

HILDEBRAND.

But sprout not too, too quickly, my fair flower.
Tell me, my boy, how feelest thou at heart?

HORST.

Free, glad, and happy, from all fear released:
Thy word has wrought a miracle within me.

HILDEBRAND.

That should it not do. From a man it came,
A poor, frail, sinful man; and if it wrought
A miracle, I cannot but distrust it.

HORST.

What means this fearfulness in such a breast,
So brave, so holy in the sight of God?

HILDEBRAND.

What means the devil in man's breast?
While he dwells there, all fearfulness beseeches us.

HORST.

A firm strong will can drive him thence at once:
I willed it, and he fled. Avant thou fiend!
God's blessed world now smiles on me all brightness;
I know now that I can do nought but good.
I sate by Cuno's beauteous wife,
Drank from the cup which she before had sipt,
And saw the will of God, and bowed to it.
Now of the battle there's no further question;
The question is, to chant the victory.

HILDEBRAND.

When fields are fought, one party needs must vanquish;
But who the vanquisher? must still be asked.
In such things one too readily mistakes:
So to ensure the prize beyond all doubt,
Renew the contest, fight the field again.

HORST.

There is no need of that. Now for the chase.
Cuno awaits me, and his lovely wife.

The good old master for his darling wept,
And through the vale the knight rode joyfully.

* * * * *

But night had not yet fallen upon that vale
When by the stream lay Cuno's bleeding corpse;
And bearing in his arms the ravished bride,
A Cain, unto his castle, galloped Horst.

ON THE EVILS OF THE PRESENT DINNER HOUR OF GENTEEEL SOCIETY.

To the Editor of *The Athenæum.*

Sir,—I am no member of the fashionable world, and consequently know little of its customs. I am not a writer of fashionable novels, or a contributor to 'The Court Journal,' and, therefore, do not pretend to understand the habits of a society in which I do not mix. With persons in a genteel station of life I do, however, occasionally associate; and, as I am, therefore, in some measure incommodeed by their bad habits, I have a positive interest in calling their attention to an evil which affects their friends as well as themselves. As the hour of dinner occurs once in the course of every twenty-four hours, the period of the day at which it is generally fixed must be daily interesting to every human bosom. Dinner is the most urgent, the most constant, the most interesting of human employments. Of all points in time the dinner-hour must, therefore, be the most important. And you will not think that I am employing your time with a frivolous discussion, if I proceed to point out the evils which, in my opinion, result from the bad selection of the hour which has been made by genteel society in this country.

I do not write merely for the dyspeptic; I shall, therefore, lay no stress on the supposed unwholesomeness of the present dinner-hour. I propose an alteration, which is demanded, not by the interests of any particular class of the dining world, but by the whole. I am a plain, practical man, who wishes to state some evils which he has experienced, but not a dogmatical theorist, who wants to force every one else to adopt his speculative opinions.

The London season occupies April, May, June, and July, months containing altogether a number of

very hot days. Now, according to the present system, we ride and walk in the most sultry part of the day, and come into our hot dining-rooms just when the external heat begins to be least oppressive. We go toiling and stewing through the streets at a time when the human animal is capable of no greater fatigue than that of eating; we sit down to a meal of eternal duration just when the coolness of the evening invites us to walk abroad: so that we manage to subject ourselves to all the inconveniences, and lose entirely all the most delightful part of a summer day. If we began dinner at four, it would be possible to get out again in the evening; we might, perhaps, be content with two hours of dinner, and adjourn to the Park or Kensington Gardens. Such an evening would be indeed a second day.

It would be no slight addition to the advantages of a change in the hour, that in all probability the prospect of the evening's amusement would make people eat their dinner a little faster. When they begin that meal at seven or eight, (indeed it is more proper to say eight,) the day is over for all purposes. The blessed light of the sun is excluded: the hot glare of candles or lamps is substituted for the sweet beams of sunset; and down sit the Britons, like boa-constrictors, to eat and drink their fill. Hence, I believe, the heaviness of their cookery; hence the tremendous time which they devote to eating; and hence the much greater waste of time spent in drinking their detestable port, over which they drone out their equally detestable politicks. Let it only be the custom to go out after dinner, which of course it would be if you dined at four, and people would not be able, or would be ashamed, to make the beef and bottle an excuse for a deviation from a fashionable amusement.

Of course if you dined at four, you must eat again before bed-time. This would bring back the supper, which from all accounts was a very pleasant meal. Supper and dinner combined would be much less unwholesome than the dinner which is eaten at the present time.

Putting aside, however, my semi-rural ideas of a walk or drive after dinner, how much the evening amusements of every kind would be improved by dining at an earlier hour! It would then be the custom to dine out, and after dinner go to the opera or the play. Now you might as well attempt to dine at two different places at once, as go to a dinner-party and the play the same evening. When an English lady determines to go to the play, she fixes a day, which may happen to be vacant about a fortnight before, for which she takes her box, and on which she must go, though she may be gratified with the anticipation of seeing and hearing whatever she may least wish to see and hear. A party is made: the dinner ordered at five, and the whole establishment desorienté to prepare for so unusual a procession of domestic hours. Let the usual dinner-hour be four, and the dinner engagements would no longer interfere with the theatre. You might go whenever you fancied that the entertainments would be good, without the least regard to dinner-engagements, because you might keep them before. You would not change your hour, but merely add one to the other amusements of the day. This, it seems to me would, in all likelihood, produce a great improvement in our stage. The theatre would again become an amusement to the higher orders: and the drama would be adapted to their taste; which, after all, is better than that of the prostitutes, apprentices, and lawyers, for whose taste our theatrical amusements are now chiefly designed.

Though the opera is an amusement much more patronized by the higher classes, their hour of dinner interferes terribly with their enjoyment of it. How, for instance, can people who have a dinner engagement, be present at the overture, which is the finest part of many operas? At the moment that the overture begins, they are beginning their dinner; and it is as much as they can do to get in time for the commencement of the second act. Those who wish to hear an opera through must disorganize their do-

mestic arrangements, and refuse invitations to dinner, almost as much as those who wish to see a play.

Last of all, in the career of an evening's amusement, come routs and balls. Even these feel the fatal influence of the protracted dinner hour. When people rarely get up from the dinner-table before half-past ten, it is utterly impossible to be at an evening party before eleven: and I think I do not at all exaggerate when I say that eleven is the earliest hour at which people can go to any of these assemblies. Now, this is just the time that they ought to be going away. Instead of this, they stay up dancing, or squeezing in hot rooms, till two or three in the morning, (I take the earliest hours,) to the great damage of the health and beauty of young ladies, and the equal destruction of the corporeal and intellectual vigour of the men. Hot rooms and late hours are the main causes of the sad mortality and ugliness prevalent among young women of fashion: and both these evils are clearly remediable by the adoption of an earlier dinner hour.

I know that it is objected, that we are a nation so occupied in matters of important business, that we cannot regulate our hours without reference to the hours of business. Merchants, lawyers, and men in office, cannot leave their work before four or five o'clock: how then can they get home to dinner as early as I propose?

The simple answer is, that if the alteration of the dinner hour were general, the hours of business would undergo an adequate change. People would go to work at nine instead of ten, and come away an hour earlier. Besides, our present hours exclude a great number of people from dining out at all. Peers, for instance, and members of parliament, are often rather important elements of a dinner party. But dinner begins just at the time that all the most important debates begin; and a member is consequently obliged to give up one or other of these two interesting gratifications of the jaw. I appeal to the civilized world, whether it is not a matter of the greatest difficulty to ensure a member's attendance at the dinner table on any days but Wednesday and Saturday. I fearlessly appeal to all impartial and observant persons, whether they have not constantly observed two or three chairs at the same dinner left as empty as their own heads by members who have been suddenly obliged to yield to the more pressing invitations of Mr. Planta or Mr. Holmes; and thus occasioning a greater vacancy than would have been exhibited even in the countenances of the senatorial absentees.

I speak these things with all the gravity and respect due to the subject. If any importance is to be attached to the ancient institutions of a nation, surely the hour at which we observe the most useful, and the most universal of rites, is worthy of our deepest consideration. Dinner, an enjoyment common to all nations of men, is the great universal act in which the mystery of a common faith is dimly shadowed forth: * and the desire of dinner is the great common sympathy which binds together the various descendants of Adam from the rude native of Australia to the great models of civilization, where a wiser people hath sent forth to communicate to that poor savage, the arts of polished life. If then there is one national institution, the spirit of which is to be carefully cherished, surely this is that one. Let us in this, as in other matters of the same kind, look carefully to the hidden meaning of the establishments of our ancestors. In the better days of England, our forefathers were wont to dine early. As we have deteriorated as a nation, we have procrastinated our dinner. The victors of Cressy and Agincourt dined at noon. No later hour witnessed the meal of the conquerors of Troy. The progress of luxury and its concomitant vices has kept pace with the progress of the dinner-hour: and the total subversion of the natural arrangements of our time, has, in

my opinion, been no trifling cause of the present utter subversion of our morals, our natural feelings, and our constitution. Your's,

‘A DINNER-OUT.’

MELITA.

A FRAGMENT OF GREEK ROMANCE.
(Concluded from p. 398.)

The girl was startled amid her adoration by a voice appearing to come from beyond the portico, and singing the words of the hymn, snatches of which had been uttered by the poet in her father's house the day before. She thought, but could not be sure, that she recognized the same tones pronouncing the enthusiastic poetry of the ode which she had heard under such different circumstances; and they blended themselves strangely with her own fearful ecstasy at the presence of the king of heaven. When this ode had been sung by one low but earnest voice, a single strophe of a different style and manner was vociferated in thundering music by the whole company of priests and novices. Scared by this overpowering sound, Melita shrank among the officiating train, and looked at the crowd of worshippers collected before the temple. She thought she recognized her father; and trembling and uncertain, she glided away, and, when she had gained the solitary wood, ran with all her speed through thickets of trees and groups of glimmering statues, which she feared were living pursuers; till wearied and agitated, she reached her humble home. Her father speedily returned, but she had already changed her dress; and as soon as she had saluted him she retired to her chamber.

When she had thrown herself on her couch she began to meditate on the occurrences of the last few hours. The hint of the oracular prediction; the poet, with earnest tones, faint indeed and broken, but of exquisite sweetness; the distant sounds of the multitude congregated around the stadium; the long procession of priests and worshippers, with the garlands and the incense; the green twilight of the consecrated grove, and the white gleam of those unmoving marble champions; all these were present to her mind; but chiefly the murmuring stillness of the vast temple, with the wavering flashes from the tripods, cutting the evening gloom, and over all the form of which the ivory limbs were wrapt in a golden shadow, the noblest exhibition of deified humanity, the king, the god, the beautiful, the one master of her soul, Jupiter, the wonder of Greece and glory of the earth, filled, overawed, agitated, and attracted her.

The deep dark night was around her, and she had remained for an hour absorbed in these contemplations, when suddenly a bright blaze started at once from the walls, the floor, and ceiling of the chamber, and covered them as if with a fiery drapery. It gave out no heat, but flamed with a steady and topaz-like lustre. Melita gazed in astonishment at the wondrous light, which did not however scare her with any resemblance of an earthly conflagration. It burned for a few seconds, and when she had, in some degree, overcome her first alarm by perceiving the innocence of the lights, innumerable snakes of the most different colours appeared to move and float along the walls, and to play in the lucid blaze. Green and white, black and crimson, blue, purple, and orange, starred with jewels, and streaked like the tulip, they wove together in that liquid illumination a thousand knots and momentary devices. Arching themselves like the rainbow, or in ranks like some gorgeous oriental cavalry, they moved from the sides of the chamber to the ceiling, or twined themselves around the simple furniture.

The serpents appeared to melt and mingle into each other, and were swallowed by the general splendour; and the burning boundaries of the room widened and receded till they resembled the atmosphere of an evening sky, filled with the richest and

most sparkling clouds; and amid these, as if descended from the burning disk of the sun, a large bird, of as brilliant plumage as the fabled Phoenix, flew forward, and passed before her. But soon it appeared to change its shape and lose its glory, and became a gigantic owl with round bright eyes. The evening prospect darkened into night: the white crescent of the moon stood over the shaded hills; and the grey bird perched on a rock which overhung the sea. The new moon in that world of witchery appeared to rise at nightfall, and for a moment she watched its silent ascension. A faint musical sound caused her to look away, and on the rock where she had seen the owl alight, the young poet was now leaning; the sea glimmered at his feet, one arm rested on a projection of the crag, and his eyes were turned as her's had been to the diamond curve that adorned the darkness of the sky. She fancied that in his countenance she discovered a resemblance to the pale and majestic loveliness of that statue of Jupiter, which to her was far more than a statue. Clouds came over the heavens, and obscured the view. The youth was no longer visible, but a dull twilight covered the foreground, and through this two small red stars were burning. She looked at them intently, and shuddered at discerning the form of a gigantic lion couched, as it seemed, at a little distance from her, and watching her with the glowing eyes which had first drawn her attention to the object. He seemed to grow nearer and nearer to her; and the whole picture had soon disappeared, leaving nothing but the shaggy monster and the dim and narrow room. The lion rose, and with a light bound, laid himself on the bed before her feet. The enormous shape became less terrible when she was within its reach; and while her foot appeared to touch its flank, and its mane lay spread on part of the manteau which, in her terror, she had let fall from around her, she thought that it was no more than an enormous and threatening shadow.

When the chaotic dimness of the chamber was dispersing into the clear transparency of a summer night, Melita remembered the tales she had heard of Proteus and his wonders; and the bewilderment of her mind had little of terror or suffering. The desert-shape which shared her couch, rolled away amid the mist which now vanished from the room. Its fiery eye-balls seemed gradually to recede till they were lost among the throng of stars that twinkled in the cloudless firmament. Wild troops of birds and insects fluttered around her; and trains of children, whose whispers were like distant tinklings, moved hither and thither, bearing baskets of flowers. A pink light gradually spread through the air; and one of the children detached itself from the playful ring of its companions and approached her. In that carnation splendour, every thing was hid but the gentle, smiling boy, who seemed to walk on the charmed wind. His delighted eyes were fixed laughingly on her; and in another instant she had stretched her hands, and he was pressed to her uncovered bosom. She laid her head on the pillow, and he nestled in her arms, while she gazed with eager pleasure on the sunny locks that clustered round the brow of the infant, and strained to her side his round and rosy limbs.

But her countenance assumed a deeper meaning, and she trembled with emotion when it seemed to her that the lines of that baby loveliness became stronger and more expressive, that the eye darkened and spoke earnestly to her's, and that the lips were pressed with more than childish passion on her quivering mouth; when she thought that in this young visitant she could recognise at every moment nearer likeness to the island poet. But soon this resemblance also escaped from her; the forehead became more lovely, the features nobler and more radiant; the gleam as of a golden cloak thrown off, was spread under his finely proportioned limbs; and now for the first time she perceived, among the dark brown hair, the slender olive wreath, and in all the form and look the well-remembered presence of the olympic god.

* 'The mystery of faith set forth in the act of eating'
—Irving's Sermons.

On the next morning, when the father of Melita was leaving his house, he informed his daughter that the young stranger whom they had aided, was in that day to be crowned as the successful poet. Scarcely had he departed, when, seized with an impetuous frenzy, she rushed away to the place at which the festival was held. The poet had not appeared, and the prize was given to the second of the competitors. But it was a deadly crime in any woman to approach the spot; and Melita, before the eyes of all the people, and of her white-haired father, was precipitated from a rock into the river Alpheus, such being the punishment appointed from of old, for her offence. 'Heavily, O, my daughter!' said the aged man; 'have the maxims of the wise and the prediction of the oracle, been fulfilled in thee?'

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

THE Tenth Conversazione of the College was held on Thursday last, being the concluding meeting of the season. Sir Henry Halford, the president, on taking the chair, said he had received, from the Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, certain reports on the subject of the recent epidemic fever at Gibraltar. A précis of these reports was then read by Dr. M'Michael, the registrar; by which it appeared, that in the autumn of last year it was thought advisable to appoint a committee of medical practitioners and others at Gibraltar, to inquire into the nature and probable causes of the epidemic which had then recently visited that town. The result of their investigations was; 1st.—That the disorder was of the kind usually called 'yellow fever,' and not the bilious remittent fever, common to certain situations in warm climates, during the autumn, nor any other disorder arising from the miasma of stagnant waters, imperfect drainage of streets, or suspended ventilation; for during the whole time that Gibraltar suffered by this calamity, there occurred scarcely any cases of the autumnal malaria fever, even at the season when such affections might have been expected. 2ndly.—That the disorder did not originate in Gibraltar, but was brought there by a ship from the Havannah, on board which several of the crew had died of the yellow fever, before leaving the Havannah, and others on the passage. The towns on the African coast, in the vicinity of the Straits, were not afflicted by any sickness, and a cordon was established by the Spanish authorities, which effectually prevented the fever from spreading in Andalusia. A committee was subsequently appointed to inquire whether persons who have once been attacked by the yellow fever are again liable to that disorder, and their report stated that, though some very few cases of a second attack were recorded, yet it was their opinion that persons who have once had the yellow fever will not take it again, a case to the contrary being quite as rare an occurrence as a second attack of small-pox after inoculation.

The gentlemen to whom the latter investigation was intrusted, had seen or attended between 20,000 and 30,000 cases of yellow fever in the course of their practice and residence in several countries; and the opinion thus pronounced by men of such great experience will, it is hoped, produce a beneficial effect, and procure to the individuals labouring under that dreadful malady, the humane attentions of those who have hitherto been too often tempted to desert, through the fear of infection, the unhappy sufferer.

On the table of the library was a beautiful and interesting collection of nearly all the plants in the *Materia Medica*, many of them in bloom, presented by Mr. Iliff, to whom the thanks of the College were expressed by the President. There were also some curious skeletons of serpents, and one of an ostrich, with a variety of anatomical and chemical preparations. These, and many valuable books from the library, formed a brilliant ensemble, well

calculated to elicit conversation on scientific subjects, and thus promote the chief object of such meetings.

THE HORTICULTURAL FETE.

WE never saw an assemblage of English people, (that is, a well-dressed one,) in such good spirits, and so determined to be cheerful, as that collected at the Horticultural Gardens on Saturday. We are a proud nation, all the world knows, and, among other peculiarities which this gives rise to, always show a particular horror of appearing to be controlled by circumstances, seldom willing to be merry when there is a good occasion; nevertheless, on the slightest appearance of circumstances decidedly opposed to that consummation, we set about enjoying ourselves with a vehemence beyond conception. It was singularly fortunate, therefore, that on Saturday the weather was as bad as it could possibly be, the rain falling without interruption from morning till night; not a single gleam of sunshine to cast a cloud over the festivities of the day. The strict solemnity of feature so observable in the crowds who promenade in Hyde Park, or at Kensington, on a fine Sunday, seemed, on this occasion, to be put completely out of countenance by the superior gloominess of the sky; and, though our hearts bled profusely to see the sad pickle some of our fair friends were in, we felt hugely comforted to find their spirits in a better state of preservation than their stockings—not dashed, in fact, at all. No doubt, the good-humoured attention and affectionate gallantry, to which the weather gave opportunity, on the part of the gentlemen, amply compensated to both sexes the disturbance of apparel which none escaped, and the loss of a ceremonious quadrille upon the greensward. In every direction, gentlemen, heedless of the reputation of their boots, were seen hurrying on some benevolent excursion, to cheer the ladies in the tents with the anticipation of a pie, or to rejoice the fair bacchanals with a bunch of grapes and a bottle of champagne. These expeditions, however, though extremely pleasant in the recollection, were almost too perilous at the time, and sometimes even awful in their consequences, by reason of the muddiness of the walks, and the distance of the marqueses from each other. Many a one, whom we saw go forth, 'like a spirit,' as the poet says, 'rejoicing in his task of glory and of good,' came back immediately, like Noah's dove, despairing from the world of waters. We remarked, in particular, the fate of one gentleman, whose white trowsers, shining with the unsullied purity of Sabbath table-linen, seemed to have recommended him to a group of good-natured smiling creatures as a suitable victim of self-devotion,—the greatest virtue doubtless of which our sex is capable. They accordingly demanded tea at his hands. With a mournful and almost desponding smile of alacrity in his countenance, he left the tent; we saw him ankle-deep in an instant; he struggled forward to a considerable distance; but, we shudder in saying, that he never returned. The greatest evil, however, which the weather occasioned, was the want of movement in the company; there was no passing in review, no parading, and every one was thrown on his own circle and his own resources for entertainment, except when some fair one passed, dripping and lovely, like Venus from the ocean; or some very wise man indeed, muffled in a great coat, walked contemptuously by, smiling on the folly of his fellow-creatures. The immense circulation of those excellent papers, 'The Morning Post,' 'The Observer,' and 'The Times,' make it quite unnecessary for us to praise the style of Gunter's preparations, or the excellence of Weippert's band. The feathered tribes of nature were mute; their hilarity, poor creatures! seems to depend too much upon the weather; but they were admirably represented by those outlandish birds, 'Les Trois Troubadours,' who sang to us like angels, and smiled for all the world like brass knockers. About nine o'clock we left, as we came, in excellent spirits and a shower of rain.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

MR. LAPORTE is one of those sagacious individuals who, on setting foot in a foreign country, have the wisdom to conform to the habits and manners of the people whom they visit. All eyes and ears, like Zuccherino's portrait of glorious Queen Bess, the Intratresario of the London Opera has not failed to learn that Monsieur Jean Bull, with his opulence and his liberality to boot, is a stickler for justice, and will have his due. Spending freely what he acquires, the said Monsieur Jean, does not regard prices (and what other country in the world could have furnished such constant throngs of payers of fifteen shillings and half-guineas as have filled the King's Theatre to overflowing, during the whole season?), but he looks for a *quid pro quo*, and expects, moreover, that his money's worth shall have a palpable as well as an essential equivalent: quantity, in short, is fully as necessary to his satisfaction as quality. Several recent bills of fare prove that our French physicians have felt the pulse of their English patients, and certainly the most straightened amateur of music, however he may regret that the choice is not left him of having less and paying less, could find no cause to complain of the price of the entertainment of Saturday last. A little half-crown for each act of the 'Cenerentola' executed by Sontag, Donzelli, and Zucchelli, he surely would not begrudge; to see and hear Malibran in the last act of 'Romeo e Giulietta,' he would allow to be a treat, at any time, well worth the sixth part of an old guinea; and surely those who disburse without murmuring, their one shilling and sixpence to behold, for a few minutes, two rude and grotesque stone figures of half-seas-over hours, could not with reason object that the elegant little ballet, the 'Déguisements Imprevus,' with its beautiful scenery, and with the variety of exquisite grouping of such models as Leroux, Rinaldi, Péan, and Coulon, was too highly estimated at a pair of twelve-penny pieces. Let there be included in the account, moreover, the value of the opportunity of combining profit with pleasure—of taking lessons in various arts and accomplishments, and that in a way far more likely to make an impression on susceptible natures, than all the private teaching in the world; and it must be granted, we think, that the performance at the opera, regarded, in a commercial point of view, is not a dear article.

We throw out these suggestions for the benefit of the deserving, and unfortunate few, in whom a taste for elegance is subjected to the mortification of ill-furnished coffers, as hints how much may be done in the way of affording themselves the recreations most congenial to their spirit, by husbanding their means. Let them leave all gaping wonders to the affluent and the merely curious, and reserve their half-crowns and shillings for a treat to the King's Theatre. We could wish, indeed, that art in all its branches were unsubjected to these paltry considerations: but, alas! the day when that consummation shall arrive, will never, we fear, be beheld by mortal eyes—not even in New Harmony! Let us seek consolation then in reflections on the operatic performances of Saturday.

Sontag and Donzelli, in the 'Cenerentola,' acquitted themselves with the accustomed effect and brilliancy. The former has scarcely, on any occasion, afforded higher gratification than by the admirable style in which she executed her part in the sextett 'Questo è un nodo,' and the air, 'Nacqui all'affanno.' Accordingly, the rapture of the applause which rewarded her efforts, has seldom been exceeded.

The true *con amore* feeling and energy with which the rich and powerful tones of Donzelli were poured forth, and by which he appealed to the spiritual faculties of his audience, by awakening in them a fervour corresponding with his own—while he charmed their senses by the deliciousness of his voice, had its full effect in exciting the liveliest emotions. Zucchelli also executed the many diffi-

cult parts which fell to his share in this opera, with his accustomed skill.

The novelty of the evening was the substitution of Galli for Pellegrini, in the character of Dandini. The change cannot be pronounced a happy one. The voice of Galli may be more fresh and vigorous than that of Pellegrini, but it wants the flexibility required by the singer who undertakes this part. The performance, moreover, was merely organic, wholly devoid of humour and character, either in the execution of the music or in the manner of the acting.

'The Cenerentola,' as has been already intimated, was succeeded by a repetition of the last act of 'Romeo e Giulietta.' This really test scene afforded an opportunity to Madame Malibran to display her excellence in both arts, and she approved herself indeed a most accomplished person. Less sublime and majestic in character, it must be allowed, than Pasta, and less capable of elevating the mind to lofty sentiment, yet she showed herself endowed with powers of a more various nature; and in her scenes of tenderness she combines intensity of feeling with correctness of expression in a degree in which she is not surpassed by any living actor or actress. In her singing she has not the astonishing manner of Sontag, but her excellence takes a more varied and extensive range. The execution of the former is as the painting of the Flemish masters, which captivates the sense through which the mind is addressed, by the brilliant *bouquet* effect of the colouring; that of the latter may be compared to the paintings of the Roman school, which affect their beholder more by the sentiment they express, and the mind and skill to be traced in the combinations by means of which that expression is produced, than by the brightness of the hues, through the medium of which the conceptions of the artist are sought to be imparted. Sontag's performances are, as verse, full of melody: Malibran's, as compositions, rich in mind and imagery. This contrast in the styles of these highly-gifted singers was strongly thrust on the attention by the performances of Saturday night. Sontag's Cenerentola has been already noticed: the Romeo of Malibran on this, as on the former occasion, to which we barely alluded last week, was a noble display of taste, feeling, and execution, both in music and acting; the part afforded a fine opportunity for the development of the peculiar excellence and beauty of her lower notes, and the advantageous occasion was not neglected.

We cannot exactly comprehend what our cotemporary the 'Times' means by praising Sontag's performance of Giulietta, this evening. We perfectly agree with him in the truth of the general proposition that, 'the part of Giulietta is particularly suited to the style of Mademoiselle Sontag'; but we cannot agree with him so entirely as to the fact with which it is coupled, that Sontag appeared in that part on Saturday evening. That our cotemporary should be guilty of abusing Madame Malibran, for a performance which he did not witness, appears incredible to persons who know his high character for integrity; but it is strange that he should have taken Castelli for the divine Sontag. The latter beautiful songstress will, no doubt, feel highly flattered at finding that her vocal and personal charms bear so great a resemblance to those of our cotemporary's favourite singer. We fear that the public may possibly think that the ears and eyes which cannot distinguish Sontag from Castelli, are not the best evidence on which to convict Madame Malibran of bad singing and worse acting.

The elegant little ballet, 'Les Déguisements Imprévus,' was repeated. Two all-accomplished young ladies, Mathilde, (Mademoiselle P. Leroux), and Madame Walter, (Mademoiselle Péan), left in a château, disguise themselves as peasants, in order to share the pleasures of a neighbouring fête. Scarcely are they departed when papa (Baron d'Hermon) returns with his young friend Rosenberg, (Coulon), the destined spouse of Mathilde. Informed of the occasion of the absence, and of the travestie, the lover, who has not yet been introduced to his mistress, also

assumes the costume of a countryman, and repairs to the festival. He, of course, meets with Mathilde, and woos her in peasant style, by dancing, kiss-stealing, and other modes peculiar to the happy races of swains and ballet-dancers. In the course of these proceedings there is some exquisite dancing and grouping, such as a first-rate artist might delight in studying, by P. Leroux, Péan, and Coulon. A party of gypsies is introduced, and this affords the opportunity for a wonderful display of Terpsichorean acquirements, by Madame Rinaldi, as Lazarilla, 'la première Bohémienne.' Some niceties in her performance excited more than usual admiration, and bore away the palm for the evening. The costumes are picturesque, and, in general, true; but, to be complete, the blue stockings of the peasantry should have the enlivening broad white clocks so common among the Tyrolese.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(Concluded from p. 363.)

THE ANTE ROOM.

Who has climbed the abrupt steps of the Exhibition staircase on his first visit after each periodical opening, without feeling persuaded that the Seers of the Royal Academy, with all their decorum and sedate demeanour when they appear before the world in body politic and corporate, have yet some lurking humour in their souls? Who—like the Alpine traveller toiling up the steep ascent and pausing breathless ere the wished-for summit be yet attained, to cast his regards around him, and anticipate in his eagerness the prospect that awaits him,—does not admire and smile when, on looking upwards, curious to get an early glance at the treasures of art that adorn the well-covered walls, he finds his view encountered by the well-selected master-piece which the judicious Ketch of the exhibition, with tact and taste unvarying from year to year, and with the approbation, of course, of the higher-powers, never fails to suspend over the entrance of the great sanctuary? Who would think of turning in despair and running headlong downwards, when invited to proceed by the sight of such a performance as No. 374, 'The Portraits of the Family of Nathan Knight, Esq. Pendleton House, Lancashire.' J. Green? How graceful the eldest Miss Knight! What ease of attitude! How original the grouping of the more infant darlings! Do they not look like very zephyrs in petticoats, bearing a cherub Cupid? What pity, that when once we are well advanced into the Ante Room, the vertebrae are too inflexible for the tortuous effort, and 'The Pendleton Family' are seen no more. Alas, for Mr. Green, that it should be more convenient to contemplate less elevated objects, and that such pictures as 380, 'View near Châlons sur Saône,' C. Stanfield, should fix the partial attention of every visitor;—not that this picture is undeserving of the notice it receives; it is a delightful composition, full of picturesque effect, and of a most agreeable tone of colour.

It has a neighbour worthy of its vicinity, in 397, 'Distant View of Winchester; a Shower passing off,' Cooley Fielding.

'The Guerillas Departure,' No. 403, D. Wilkie, is not inferior to the other productions of this artist, which we found so much cause to applaud in our earlier notices of the Exhibition. The composition is delightful and simple; the picture is illustrative of what, among a haughty people like ourselves, would be deemed a striking peculiarity in Spanish manners; it is certainly highly characteristic. The figure of the beggar-boy calls Murrillo to mind; it is well introduced, and by its nudity gives great effect to the abundant drapery which clothes the man devoted to religion and charity. The contrast, indeed, is a speaking satire on the world in general, and on the clerical predominance in Spain more especially. The head of the monk is fine, full of life and intellectual expression.

'An Italian Scene,' J. Severn, No. 404, is another delightful picture, the result of the aptitude with which the English artists catch the spirit and senti-

ment of foreign scenes. The feeling and taste displayed in this production are truly charming; they are eminently classical, and remind us of the times when chivalry, poetry, and love, were the soul of fruitful Italy; when the lady of the castle beguiled the long absence of her lord by superintending the labours of her female peasantry, less her vassals than her companions; the confidantes of her love and truth; the witnesses of her vows for the glory and safety of their chief; the delighted listeners to the oft-repeated but never wearying strains, the favourite air of the far-distant cavalier.

'The Chevalier Bayard and his noble Hostesses of Brescia,' No. 421, J. W. Wright. An interesting incident in the life of this model of generosity and magnanimity for soldiers and gentlemen, the Scipio of the sixteenth century, is here represented in a very pleasing and elegant picture. The grouping of the ladies is charming and full of grace; the artist seems to have been singularly happy in his models, in the choice of which he has displayed rare tact, and taste only equalled by his skill in arranging them for his composition.

'View on the Wye, Welch Bicknor Church in the distance,' F. W. Watts, No. 433, is a lovely landscape, painted with great effect, picturesque in composition, and delightful in tone and sentiment. Sir Thomas Lawrence's 'Portrait of Mr. Locke, Sen.' No. 455, is a masterpiece of its kind. 'The Portrait of Dr. Bowring,' by Mr. Pickersgill, and that of Mr. Farraday, in 'The School of Painting,' which we have hitherto omitted to mention, are capital likenesses. 'The Table Bay, the Cape of Good Hope,' R. Pickersgill, No. 478, is a very richly painted sea-piece, and an interesting scene.

THE ANTIQUE ACADEMY is a subject for despair. We confess we have never yet accomplished the wading through the catalogue of the gems, gems no doubt they are, with which the corners of this room are set. There is 'Mr. Robert Montgomery,' as large and poetical as life, with his hair most tastefully parted, to display the beautiful polish of his forehead. We looked around for Mr. Dewille, but he was not there. Doing so, a drawing of Chalon's caught our eye, so, from that moment to this, when we retrace the Catalogue, we have thought no more of the author of 'Omnipresence' or his portrait. Of all Mr. Chalon's clever elegant, drawings, that which charmed us most, was 'The Portrait of Mrs. Dumaresq'; there is a sweet and pensive melancholy in the expression of this countenance that is most touching. Who can look at the drawing without hoping that the sentiment is the result of over anxiety and an excess of sensibility, rather than of any actual cause for sorrow. 'The Venetian Gondolier,' No. 532, J. F. Lewis, is an admirable sketch. Of 'The Portrait of Mr. Scotes,' 496, Mr. Hollins, a clever drawing, in Eastern attire, may we not say, 'How like a Turk!' As for 'Major Von Der Rögerie zu Pfefferkorn,' we recommend Mr. Warren to be cautious in future how he makes so grave a work as the 'Catalogue of the Royal Academy Exhibition' the vehicle of his jests.

THE LIBRARY, as usual, abounds in splendid designs of impracticable architecture. The drawings of Mr. Soane, notwithstanding the humility of their dedications, must be ranked in this class. Could any thing be more absurd than 'The design to complete the north front of Westminster Hall, by making the exterior of the new Law Courts and a corresponding wing in the same style of architecture as the northern entrance into that venerable structure, part of the ancient Royal Palace?' We may, however, select a few designs, which deserve to be excepted from the general censure. 'The west View of Costessy Hall, Norfolk, the Seat of Lord Stafford,' J. C. Buckler, —We rejoice to find that this beautiful picturesque composition is in the progress of execution. It is a very clever design, full of movement and variety, and in good style. It is also very finely drawn.

'Design for a Nobleman's Mansion,' H. Parke, No. 1021, is a magnificent, without being an extravagant idea for a palace, in the neighbourhood of a mountainous country. The character of the architecture is noble, grand, and princely; the outline has

a rich and pleasing variety. The drawing is in that excellent and effective style in which the designs of Mr. Parke ever come recommended to public attention.

'The View of the College of St. David's at Llanpeter,' No. 1031, C. R. Cockerell, is charming both as an architectural design and as a clever drawing, and displays a profound study of English architecture. In the sections of the National Monument of Scotland, of the model and of the dimensions of the Parthenon, Mr. Cockerell shows himself as well versed in Greek architecture as in the former design he appears learned in that of his native country. These are charming drawings: the wreaths in the frieze, however, must be objected to as common-place ornaments. The mode in which light is admitted, without injury to the exterior effect of the Temple, is highly ingenious. The preservation of the full depth of the steps is also a feature much to be commended in this design.

The 'Design for an addition to the Portico of the late Carlton House, so as to form it into a temple, in the manner of the ancients,' No. 997, P. F. Robinson, reminds us of that beautiful monument of antiquity, the Maison Carrée, at Nîmes; and excites a regret that an application so simple and so accordant with the character of the elegant columns which composed the late portico has not been adopted.

There are many other designs which are well deserving of more particular notice, did our space allow us to enlarge on their merits. We regret to be obliged to content ourselves with merely referring to the several splendid and beautifully drawn designs of Sir J. Wyatville; 'The Cambridge Town Gaol,' of Mr. Brookes, No. 1098, a good adaptation of the Tudor style; and a clever 'Design for the Interior of a West End of a College at Oxford,' No. 1118, W. Bardwell.

The Model Academy is more rich than usual, in figures of merit. Mr. Chantrey's 'Statue of Sir Edward Hyde East,' to be erected in the Court House, Calcutta, No. 1198, is altogether a grand performance; the head is admirably executed. Mr. Westmacott's two statues, the one sitting, the other standing, Brahmin and a Mussulman Moulah, for the Monument to Warren Hastings, are also noble figures, well conducted in respect to design, full of character and general sentiment, and finely executed.

'The Cupid' statue, in marble, by Gibson, 1199, comes nearer to the true thing, and to what sculpture ought to be, than any other production in this room. The idea is elevated and full of poetry; the form is exquisite, pure, and in antique style, while the flesh has a roundness and an apparent softness very rare in works of modern execution.

'The Girl with a Fawn,' No. 1200, R. Westmacott, Jun. is a very pleasing group; but for the sentiment we prefer the pretty little figure of the 'Reaper,' by the same artist, No. 1139.

To Mr. Rossi's Musidora and Mr. Chantrey's bas-reliefs, we must hold up the finger and cry 'Fi! Fi!' The exhibition of the latter more especially is surprising. That Mr. Chantrey should have attempted to execute a classical subject in bas-relief is quite natural; and that he should fail in the effort is quite natural also; but that an artist of his eminence and experience should be so blinded by love for his own offspring, as not to perceive that these are mere common-place productions, quite unworthy of a man of his reputation, is strange indeed, and makes us feel for the infirmities of human greatness. If he be pardoned at all, it must be in grace to his 'Bust of the Marquis of Stafford,' which is admirable.

'The Boy and Tortoise,' in marble, R. W. Sievier, 1219, is exceedingly facetious. But we owe Mr. Sievier a grudge for obliging us to quit a sculpture-room with a feeling of the ridiculous.

In taking leave of the Exhibition, we cannot refrain from expressing our apprehension that it may be many years ere we visit another so creditable to the country.

ENGRAVINGS.

Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery, from Drawings by Captain Batty. Part XI. Jennings. London. 1829.

Or the five views which compose this number, the two last, which are those of 'The Exchange, Copenhagen,' and a second view of the 'Palace, Fredericksborg,' are the most interesting. The other three, which are agreeable landscapes, (Ilseberg, Karlschafen, and Hoxtor on the Weser,) are sufficiently picturesque to make pleasing plates, but have no peculiar features so strikingly remarkable as to deserve notice in detail. The view of 'The Copenhagen Exchange' on the contrary, with its numerous gables and lofty twisted spire, is a very curious specimen of characteristic architecture, and, with the quay and boats in the foreground, forms an effective picture. It is very well engraved by Kernott. The entrance view of the palace, Fredericksborg, of the architecture of Sir W. Jones, is a curious medley of styles, producing altogether a grand and very picturesque combination. Here we find anticipated the idea of Mr. Nash of the cupolas with pointed terminations with which he has adorned Sussex Place. The drawings and engravings, the latter by Freebairn, are executed with great precision and accuracy.

FRENCH READINGS.

SINCE the publication of our last week's Number, we have had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. P. Victor read the two first acts of his own tragedy, 'Les Scandinaves'—the two first acts only, we are obliged to confess: for, however much regret it caused us to appear rude, or to seem to undervalue the labours of Mr. Victor, the going through the reading of a whole tragedy at one sitting, at an hour of the day when all the world is on the *pavé*, was requiring too much from people of business. To the unsuitableness of the hour, therefore, less than to any inherent want of interest in Mr. Victor's 'Lectures Dramatiques', we are inclined to attribute the scanty audience, by which the declamations of the poet-actor were frequented. Mr. P. Victor has the air of a sensible man, and he read with great correctness, and a very considerable degree of feeling, well deserving of more encouragement than he seems to have received.

We have heard much commendation bestowed on the manner of reading, and teaching pronunciation, by Mr. Roy, whose ambition has an aim somewhat less lofty than that of Mr. Victor. He is content to seek his hearers and pupils on the very verge of the eastern and western boundary; and proposes to give a course of French Readings, to commence on the 2nd July, at the London Mechanic's Institution, and to be delivered at eight o'clock in the evening. The better to enable his readers to profit by his instructions, Mr. Roy publishes, as a preparation to his lectures, editions,* in French and English, of the subject matter of his readings. Proposing to commence with the *Avare* of Molière, he has put forth that play in French and English in a small pocket volume, in which, to facilitate the acquisition of correct pronunciation, the e is marked with a peculiar orthoepic sign in those instances, in which it is feebly, or almost imperceptibly, pronounced, without being absolutely mute, like the e final.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD PRIZE SUBJECTS.

THE subjects proposed for the Chancellor's prizes for the ensuing year are the following:—

For Latin verse.—*Tyrus*—for such members of the University, who, on the day appointed for sending the exercises to the registrar of the University, shall not have exceeded four years from the time of their matriculation.

* Pickering, Chancery-lane.

For an English Essay.—*The Character of Socrates* as described by his disciples, Xenophon and Plato, under the different points of view in which it is contemplated by each of them.

For a Latin Essay.—*An apud Gracos, aut apud Romanos magis exulta fuerit civilis Scientia.*—These two subjects are for those who from the time of their matriculation have exceeded four, but not completed seven years.

The subject proposed for Sir Roger Newdegate's Prize for English Verse, is—*The African Desert*—for any under-graduate who at the day appointed for sending in the exercises, shall not have exceeded four years.

No person who has already obtained a prize will be deemed entitled to a second prize of the same description.

The exercises are all to be sent in under a sealed cover, to the registrar of the University, on or before the first of May next. The author is required to conceal his name, and to distinguish his composition by a motto; sending, at the same time, his name and the date of his matriculation sealed up under another cover, with the motto inscribed upon it.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRIZES.

Sir William Browne's three Medals for the present year have been awarded as follows:

Greek Ode.—*Νέων Αἰγαῖν οὐτας εἰς ἀλιν μετανοεῖ.*—Charles Rann Kennedy, Trinity College.

Latin Ode.—*Casar, consecutus cohortes ad Rubiconem flumen, qui provincia eius finis erat, paulum constituit.*—Charles Merivale, St. John's College.

Greek Epigram.—*στότος δέδοξεν.*—Charles Merivale.

Latin Epigram.—*Splendidē mendax.*—Charles Merivale.

Members' Prizes—fifteen guineas each, for the encouragement of Latin prose composition:—*An putandum sit posthac fore sit gentes Meridionales sub Septentrionalium viribus iterum succumbant?*—George Langshaw, St. John's College.

Under-Graduates.—No prize adjudged.

KING OF BAVARIA AND ENGLISH ARTISTS AT ROME.—That munificent and amiable patron of arts, the King of Bavaria, paid marked attention to our countrymen who are cultivating the Fine Arts at Rome, during his last visit to the scene of those intellectual pleasures from which no royal personage ever derived more great and unfeigned delight than this prince. He invited several of them to dinner, and on that occasion Gibson had the honour of sitting on the right hand of his Majesty and Severn on the left.

INFLATION OF THE LUNGS OF NEWLY-BORN INFANTS.—At a late sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, M. Julia Fontenelle stated a curious fact in confirmation of the usefulness of the practice of inflating the lungs of newly-born children, apparently lifeless. An infant, born in a state of asphyxia, was brought, said the speaker, for dissection, to M. Portal: it had already lain some time in the room, and the surgeon was about to commence the anatomy; but before proceeding to operate, the thought occurred to him to blow into its mouth. This he accordingly did, and at the end of two or three minutes, warmth returned, the circulation was excited, the heart beat, and the body was sent back to the parents—a living child.

ENGLISH PERIODICAL AT DRESDEN.—The publication of a new English periodical at Dresden was commenced in April last. It bears the title of *The Garland*, and is composed of articles from the reviews, magazines, literary journals, annuals, and new works, in English, with miscellaneous information in all branches of modern literature, inventions, discoveries, biographical memoirs of eminent persons, short tales, and poetry. The price of subscription is four dollars a year—12s. 6d.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE ATHENÆUM.'

SIR.—The writer of the article in 'The Athenæum,' headed 'Mr. Brougham's Education Bill,' deserves praise for his wish to facilitate the general education of the lower classes of society. But the means are to be carefully examined by which he would accomplish that desirable object. It was because Mr. Brougham had not duly estimated them, that his bill was not carried into effect. It is admitted, that the circumstances of this country are materially changed since the plan was first introduced. The inquiry remains—are they so changed as to authorize its renewal? The writer of the article supposes an opposition would be made by Dissenters. This would probably be the case. But it would not be from Dissenters alone. The friends of civil and religious liberty in general would be hostile to the measure, if the plan be the same as was before brought forward. Nay, as the principles of liberality are better understood and more extended, the objectors to the bill would be increased. The clergy have already enough of power in their respective parishes. To add to this, the choice of a schoolmaster, who must be a churchman, and appointed only by the clergyman, aided by a select vestry, or a fox-hunting esquire, is not a scheme calculated to secure harmony in a parish, tithes disputes existed, or where they are liable to occur, or a diversity of political sentiments may prevail. The persons who would feel the oppression the greatest are those who are now most engaged in promoting education; such as the teachers in Sunday schools, and the advocates for schools for all. The article contains a proposition which is inadmissible:—that because the State pretends to supply the spiritual wants of the people, therefore it ought to provide for their mental wants. What has been the effect of that pretension? Does the provision, however ample, that is made for the clergy, supply the wants of the nation? The Church and State are not one. North America has shown that an ecclesiastical establishment is not necessary for the promotion of general knowledge, the increase of morality, and the spread of religion. Individual conviction of the duty has been found adequate to attain these most desirable ends. Nor has a diversity of opinion promoted discord, or subjected one sect to maintain another which might be more highly favoured. The State is not a competent judge of the best mode of supplying the spiritual wants of any nation. All history confirms this fact. Ecclesiastical history is full of the evils which have resulted from governments presuming to dictate what faith their subjects should espouse. It was the dread of such consequences that occasioned the alarm when Mr. Brougham's bill was announced. Many of the clergy also objected to it because of the greater labour that would be imposed upon themselves.

Had Mr. Brougham proposed that government should erect rooms in every parish, and that the parishioners should have the choice of their own master; had the same freedom been allowed in communicating religious instruction which is granted in the British and foreign schools; had visitors been appointed, with salaries, to report the progress of the scholars, and to call those masters to account who had neglected their duty; had this been the principle on which Mr. Brougham's bill was framed, he would justly have been entitled to the support and gratitude of his countrymen. On former occasions, his watchful eye could easily discern the danger of giving power which might be employed 'in lording it over God's heritage'; in his writings he had often exhibited the mischiefs of parochial contests; and hence the sorrow of his friends when they considered him deserting his principles, and the triumph of his enemies, who accused him of courting the clergy and strengthening aristocratical influence. Unless, therefore, the enactments of Mr. Brougham's Education Bill be radically changed; unless the masters be chosen, not from one favoured sect, not because of any creed they may adopt, but because of their moral and intellectual fitness for the office they are to fill; unless a general interest be excited to carry into effect the measure he proposes, an increase of opposition to its adoption will be called forth. No one is more able to serve the cause of liberality, none more capable of diffusing useful knowledge; upon himself, therefore, it will depend whether he will be the benefactor to the ignorant, and join the hands and hearts of the friends who wish

general instruction to be imparted to the lower classes of society, or whether he would wish his bill to remain in its present state—a *caput mortuum*.

BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Dsgley's Birth Day, and other Poems, 4s. Legends of Einsidlin, by the Rev. W. Liddiard, post 8vo., 8s. 6d. Italian Tales, and other Poems, by P. Browne, Esq., post 8vo., 7s. 6d. Morat, a Novel, by Miss Cullen, authoress of 'Home,' 3d edition, 8 vols. 12mo., 18s. The Blandfords, by Mrs. Mosse, 4 vols. 12mo., 24s. The Indian Chief, 3 vols., 16s. 6d. The Life of John Locke, with Extracts from the Correspondence, by Lord King, 1 vol. 4to., 2l. 2s. The Chelsea Pensioner, by the Author of 'The Subaltern,' 3 vols. post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d. Stuart on the Hebrews, 2 vols. 8vo., 12s. Howe's Living Temple, with Essay, by Dr. Chalmers, 12mo., 3s. 6d. The Christian's Defence against Infidelity, with Essay, by Dr. Chalmers, 24mo., 3s. 6d. Robertson's History of Ancient Greece, 9th edition, 12mo., 7s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.	Therm. A.M.	Therm. P.M.	Barom. at Noon	Winds.	Weather	Prevailing Clouds.						
						Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.
Mon.	22	62	65	29.	57	S.	Rain.	Cirrostratus				
Tues.	23	73	66	29.	63	Ditto.	Fair Cl.	Cumulus.				
Wed.	24	78	66	29.	76	S. to SW.	Ditto.	Ditto.				
Thur.	25	72	70	29.	83	E.	Ditto.	Ditto.				
Fri.	26	73	67	29.	77	S.W.	Rn. P.M.	Ditto.				
Sat.	27	69	61	29.	40	S. to E.	Rain.	Cirrostratus				
Sun.	28	67	61	29.	13	E.	Fair Cl.	Ditto.				

Mornings for the greatest part rainy or moist. Nights rainy towards the end of the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 64°.

Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.72.

Highest temperature at noon, 77°.

Astronomical Observations.

Mercury stationary on Monday. Jupiter's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 7° 4' in Sagitt. Saturn's ditto ditto 3° 58' in Leo. Sun's ditto ditto 7° 23' in Cancer. Sun above the horizon on Sunday, 16h. 39m. Day decreased 2m. No real night. Sun's horary motion on Sunday, 2° 23' plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, .007221.

This day is published, in one thick volume, 8vo. price 18s. in boards.

THE FRENCH LIBRARIAN; or, LITERARY GUIDE. Pointing out the best works of the principal Writers of France, in every branch of Literature, with Personal Anecdotes and Biographical Notices, preceded by a Sketch of the Progress of FRENCH LITERATURE. By L. T. VENTOULLAC.

To make French Literature more generally known, to obtain for it a higher degree of estimation in England than it has hitherto enjoyed, by making both the extent and the value of its stores more familiar to the English public, is the object of the present work, the result of so me years' research, and application. The more fully to obtain this end, a list in each branch of literature is given on every work (within the author's knowledge), which may be considered deserving of attention. Where various editions of the work are known, the best is pointed out, and the merit of the work itself is established, not upon the author's own opinion, but upon that of the most eminent writers of France and of England; and that a still greater degree of confidence might be obtained for the critical dictum thus introduced to the English reader, although the French criticisms have been translated into English, a reference is always given to the volume and page of every work whence remarks have been taken, so that the reader may not only ascertain their correctness, but, where it may seem desirable to him, may, by turning to the original work, find a full critique on the work in question. In addition to these critical remarks, personal and literary anecdotes have been introduced, partly to do away with the appearance of a mere dry catalogue, and partly because these anecdotes, by making the character of the authors more fully known, tend to throw additional light on the nature and merit of their works. This book, it is hoped, will be found a full compendium of French Literature, and Indexes, on an enlarged and improved plan, are added to give every possible facility for reference, and thus render the work more generally useful.

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* From its uniform grateful and strengthening effects on the stomach, I consider the round leaf Cornel the natural tonic of man, and the stomachic comforter of old age.—Professor Ives, in the *American Medical Journal*, June, 1828.

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